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FAME AND FORTUNE

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OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.

SURE TO GET RICH

OR A SMART YOUNG MESSENGER

AND OTHER STORIES

By Artelt Made Man



The gaslight fell upon the ruffian and his shrinking victim. His purpose was apparent. All the chivalry of Graham's nature rushed to the fore. Springing forward, he caught the descending fist and exclaimed, hotly: "You shall not strike that girl!"

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 948

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1924

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SURE TO GET RICH

OR, A SMART YOUNG MESSENGER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—From the Jaws of Death.

Rattle! Rattle! Rattle! Ting-a-ling-ling! Ting-a-ling-ling! Toot! Toot! Too—oo—oo—oot! All of a sudden the hitherto tranquil air in the immediate neighborhood of Trinity Church began to tingle with excitement. Pedestrians passing up and down that part of Broadway came to a stop and edging toward the curb looked up the busy thoroughfare down which the hubbub seemed to be approaching. Office windows were hurriedly pushed up and scores of heads thrust out, all turned in the direction of the post-office.

An electric car from the Battery came to a sudden stop, while a big American Express Co.'s wagon and half a dozen other vehicles drew in toward the curb under the shadows of the church, and people crossing New York's main business thoroughfare above Wall Street began to scatter right and left. A couple of nimble-legged, bare-footed newsboys dashed along the gutter, shouting:

"Here comes de engine!"

And they were right. Drawn by three powerful light gray animals, the driver on his elevated seat leaning well forward with both hands outstretched holding the reins, the shining brass funnel belching dun-colored smoke and a myriad of sparks, a big steamer of the Metropolitan Fire Department came charging down the street like a whirlwind, with its horse carriage following at breakneck speed a short distance behind. Guiding his horses skilfully to the right, the driver turned in at Wall Street with a rattle and a roar, just as a thick-set man of perhaps sixty years, whose calling was shown by his weather-beaten countenance and his dress—a cap and a loosely buttoned peajacket—started to cross the narrow thoroughfare.

A dozen people saw his danger and yelled a warning. The seafaring man looked up in a startled way, and then as if dazed by conditions to which he was not accustomed or partly intoxicated, he dropped the satchel he was carrying, some money he had in his hand, took a couple of awkward steps forward, and then stood still in the path of the horses and engine bearing down upon him. The driver saw him at once, and pushing hard down on the brake at his feet, swerved his animals as much as possible toward

the far curb. But it was clearly impossible for him to stay the speed of those iron-shod horses in the short space that intervened or turn out of the unfortunate man's path enough owing to the narrowness of the street, to avoid running him down.

At that thrilling moment, when scores of spectators were gazing, horror-struck, from the sidewalks and the windows of the office buildings, yet not a hand was raised to save the bewildered man, whose fate seemed to be certain, a stalwart, neatly dressed boy dashed from the doorway of one of the buildings, sprang into the street, and grasping the seafaring man by the arms, literally tore him from under the horses heads and the swinging pole, both rescuer and rescued pitching head forward in a heap in the gutter as the fire engine went dashing by. It was a daring and successful feat. Then as the hose carriage passed by, with a clatter and jingle, the crowd on the further side joined those who had already surrounded the brave boy and the man he had saved from death. As the two picked themselves up a dozen hands were extended to recover their hats and to brush the dust from their clothes.

"By George!" exclaimed one man, "that was the most remarkable and heroic act I ever saw, and I've seen a few in my time."

"I should say it was!" answered a gentleman at his elbow. "The boy deserves a medal."

"I hope you're not hurt, my lad?" asked a big broker, in a shiny silk hat and up-to-date business suit.

"I'm all right," replied the boy, wiping the dust from his face, which impressed the crowd with its frank, open expression and evident manliness.

"Well, you're a wonder," said the broker. "I think I've seen you before, haven't I? You're employed in the Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, of course. I recognize you now. You're Sidney Graham. Page & Bacon's messenger."

"That's right," admitted the boy. "And you're Broker George Brown."

The seafaring man now took a hand in the proceedings. He grasped the boy by both of his hands and wrung them with an iron grip, while tears of gratitude stood in his clear, blue eyes.

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"I owe my life to you, my lad. I can't find words to express my feelings on the subject. Come with me—let us get away from the crowd."

With some difficulty they managed to make their way out of the curious throng, which, by this time, had grown so large as to block the street. A policeman with his notebook, then took them in hand, and while both were answering questions they were again surrounded by a denser mob than before.

"Officer, get us out of this, will you?" asked the rescued man when the policeman returned the notebook to his pocket.

"Stand back there," commanded the member of the "finest," pushing the bystanders out of the way to make a lane for the two to pass through.

A gradually diminishing crowd followed them as far as Broad street.

"You are sure you're not injured, sir?" asked Sid, with some anxiety, as his companion wiped the trickling blood from a slight cut over his right eye with his handkerchief. The boy saw that his rough, mahogany-hued hand shook, and that his strong limbs trembled from the reaction which followed upon his terrible experience.

"I don't think so, my brave lad, though I've had quite a shaking up. You must be a strong boy to be able to yank me about the way you did. I weigh one hundred and eighty pounds in my underclothes. I owe you a debt of gratitude I never can repay," he said, with much feeling.

"Don't allow that to worry you," said Sid, cheerfully.

"But it will worry me. Come down this way," he said, drawing the boy into Broad street. "I can't bear to be made an object of curiosity. Let us go in here a moment. I must have a drink to steady me up," and he led his young companion into a cafe. "I don't suppose you indulge in liquor?" interrogatingly.

"No, sir," answered Sid.

"That's right," replied the seafarer, approvingly. "Avoid it. It is a bad practice, especially for one of your years."

"That is my idea, sir. I promised my mother that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and I mean to keep my word."

"You're a fine lad," said the stranger, earnestly, looking the boy over from head to foot. "And you have shown that you possess real American pluck. Now, tell me your name," he added, as they took seats at a small round table of polished wood, and he gave his order to a white-jacketed waiter.

"Sidney Graham."

"Im Ed'ard Gale, master of the ship Fleetwing, just arrived from Bombay, by the way of Cape Good Hope. My vessel is anchored in the lower bay. We passed quarantine this morning. This is the first time I've been ashore in something like three months, and the first time I've set foot in America for eight years."

There was an unmistakable twang in the captain's voice which showed that he was, beyond a doubt, a real down-easter.

"I don't wonder, then, that you were a bit rattled by that fine engine," said Graham, politely.

"I'm not used to getting in their way, that's a fact," said the captain, with a faint smile. "I had no idea that one was so close upon me,

and I was taken by surprise. People shouted at me from both sides of the way, and I got so mixed up that I didn't know which way to turn."

"Well, you had a narrow escape, Captain Dale," said Sid, smiling.

"I realize that I had, and it is entirely due to your promptness and courage. My dear boy, you don't know how grateful I am to you," and the captain shook the lad's hand once more in a way that left no doubt as to his sincerity.

Graham wrote his name and address on the back of a card and handed it to the captain, who took out a well-worn red leather pocketbook, filled with papers and banknotes, and carefully deposited it in one of the pockets.

CHAPTER II.—The Captain's Little Girl.

"Do you know, my lad, I've taken a liking to you," said Captain Gale, earnestly. "You've got an honest, straight-forward way about you that takes my fancy. I've seen a lot of deception in this world," with something like a sigh, "and when a young chap with such qualities as you possess comes athwart my hawse I feel like cottoning right to him. I'm alone in the world; that is, except my little girl, and, will you believe me, I haven't seen her in over eight years. Think of that! Why, I'm just wild to meet and take her into my arms again," and the speaker's voice shook with emotion, and his grey eyes grew moist.

"Eight years is a long time, sir," admitted Sid, in a sympathetic tone; "but, of course, you've heard from her many times—whenever you arrived in port."

The captain shook his head in a mournful kind of way.

"No," he said, with a wistful expression on his mahogany-hued face, "how could I when I was cast away for six years on an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sid, astonished. "Cast away on an island six whole years! And you were alone all that time?"

The captain nodded solemnly.

"Some time I should like to hear of your experience on that island, Captain Gale," said Graham, eagerly, for he had read the wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe, at an early age, and the book had left a vivid impression on his mind.

"And so you shall, my lad. I dare say you'd like to know my little girl, too."

"Yes, sir. If you haven't seen her for eight years she must be quite a big girl by this time."

"That's right," replied the captain, slowly, as if the idea that his daughter was anything else than the little girl he had left behind him when he last sailed from New York had just occurred to him. "So she is. She was seven years old the last time I saw her. Why, she must be fifteen now!" he ejaculated, in a sort of childish wonder. "Fifteen!" he repeated. "Quite a young lady almost. But she'll know her father—oh, yes, I'm sure she'll know me," with a wistful eagerness, "though she must have thought me dead until she received the letter I wrote her from Bombay."

As the sea captain was speaking, it occurred to Sid Graham that eight years being quite a stretch of time, it was possible the little girl in question might have died during the interval her father had been away—a contingency Captain Gale did not seem to figure on.

"And—and—your wife?" pursued the boy, hesitating. "You do not mention her. Is she dead?"

"She died shortly after I left this port on the ill-fated Wanderer. I received the news at Melbourne from her half-brother, Samuel Sharp-ley, a lawyer of Jersey City, who wrote me he had taken charge of my Jessie, and would be a father to her until I returned."

"Did you say Samuel Sharp-ley, a lawyer?" asked Sid, curiously.

There was a reason for the question. That morning he had read an account in the morning paper of a New Jersey lawyer—a pettifogger he was described—named Samuel Sharp-ley, who had been arrested on the charge of swindling a sailor. The lawyer's record, as investigated by the reporter, was extremely shady.

"Yes, replied Captain Gale, in answer to the boy's question.

"Is—is he a lawyer of some prominence?"

"Well, I can't say that he is, or was when I last saw him," replied the captain, with some hesitation. "I never had much confidence in him, to tell the truth, but my wife, his half-sister, sympathized with him, for he always had a tale of hard luck when he came to see her, and she helped him one way or another, and defended him whenever I pulled him over the coals. He is not exactly the kind of person I should have left in charge of my Jessie if I could have arranged matters otherwise. But I was thousands of miles away, in Australia at the time, and as I expected to return to New York in six or seven months, I let things stand, believing that for his dead half-sister's sake Mr. Sharp-ley would do the best he could for her child. To make this all the more certain, I sent him a power of attorney to draw the interest on some bonds, and the dividends on some stock I had invested my savings in prior to starting for Australia."

"I hope you will find that he has been faithful to his trust, Captain Gale," said Sid. "You have his address, of course?"

"Well," replied the captain, a bit doubtfully, "I know where he lived eight years ago. It is possible he has moved during that time."

"If he is still living in Jersey City you will probably be able to trace him through the city directory."

"I did not think of that," answered the captain. "I expected to get his address from the Wall Street firm in whose care I left my bonds and stock. He would naturally call there at stated times to receive the interest and other money which his power of attorney would entitle him to."

"That's right," said Sid. "What is the name of this firm? I am employed in Wall Street as a messenger for Page & Bacon, bankers and brokers, and—"

"Who did you say?" asked Captain Gale, grasping the boy by the arm.

"Page & Bacon, No. -- Wall Street."

"Why, those are the people who have my stock and bonds."

"Well, if you're bound that way, I'll go right along with you."

"I am, captain, and will be glad of your company. The office is only a block from here," said the boy, rising.

Captain Gale got up, too.

"I'm afraid I've detained you with my talk," he said, laying his hard and horny hand on Graham's shoulder. "I hope you will excuse me. If you were a man and a father you'd understand my feelings."

"Don't mention it, Captain Gale. There's no harm done. Page & Bacon are not driving me to death just now."

"When the Fleetwing hauls into dock somewhere along South street to discharge, you'll come down and see me and meet my Jessie. I shall live aboard, and my little girl will be with me," said Captain Gale, as they crossed Broad street together.

"I shall be glad to do so, captain."

"That's right. Jessie will be proud and happy to know you, especially after I have told her how you saved my life," and the captain laid his hand almost affectionately on the boy's arm. "Then, when I go to sea again, you won't forget to call and see her once in a while, will you, to keep her from feeling lonesome after her old dad?"

"Sure thing, captain. I'll introduce her to my mother and sisters. They'll make things pleasant for her, you may depend."

"Of course they will," said Captain Gale, cheerfully. "I never thought of that."

"Here we are," said Sid. Page & Bacon are one flight up, to the rear."

Whereup Graham piloted the seafaring man to the office where he was employed.

CHAPTER III.—Uriah Page and Ebenezer Bacon.

The offices of Page & Bacon, bankers and brokers, were located on the second floor of No. — Wall Street. The firm was an old one and well known in the financial district, but, notwithstanding that fact, very few reputable brokers or solid speculators ever had regular dealings with Page & Bacon. At least, not of recent years. They did an extensive business in time and call loans. A few minutes before the thrilling event narrated in our opening chapter occurred, Mr. Bacon, stout, red-faced and pockmarked, entered the private office and found the senior partner as usual seated at his desk. The hour was ten in the morning, and business was beginning to get in full swing in New York's financial district. Ebenezer."

It was Mr. Page who spoke.

"Well, Uriah?" said the junior member of the firm, who was all of fifty years, in a gruff tone habitual with him.

"There's a letter in the morning mail that's going to give you a shock."

"What do you mean?"

"It's from a man we supposed to be dead—lost at sea—years ago."

"You don't mean——" began Mr. Bacon, and then he paused, with something like a gasp.

"Yes, I do, Ebenezer. I mean Captain Edward Gale, of the Wanderer."

"Let me see it," Mr. Bacon said, abruptly.

Mr. Page took a letter with a foreign stamp on it from a pigeon-hole and passed it to his partner.

"The letter, you may observe, is postmarked Bombay and London, and seems to have been unaccountably delayed in transit, for it is dated July 1st, and this is——"

"November," said Mr. Bacon, as he pulled out the enclosure, with fingers that trembled not a little, which was somewhat strange for a man of the junior partner's temperament.

"Exactly," pursued Mr. Page. "Most of it refers to his daughter Jessie, with whom we really have nothing to do. He is distressingly anxious about here, which, of course, is most natural, as he has not seen her these eight years past."

"He says the Wanderer was lost in a simoon in the Indian Ocean, and that he alone appears to have survived the disaster," interrupted Mr. Bacon, as he perused the letter. "He passed six years on an unchartered island, and was finally taken off by a bark which put in there for water. It almost surpasses belief, Uriah." This man who has been supposed to be dead now turns out to be very much alive. His return to this city, on the Fleetwing, to which he says he has been appointed, promises grave complications."

"It does, indeed, Ebenezer," said Mr. Page, slowly rubbing his bony hands one over the other. "Eight years ago Captain Gale deposited with us certain securities——"

"Exactly. One hundred Alpha & Omega first mortgage bonds, which we purchased for him at 90, and are worth to-day 110; together with 500 shares of the company's stock, since doubled by the watering process, which we got for him at 40, and is quoted this morning at 125—the interest and dividends on which we have regularly collected and——"

"Paid over to Mr. Samuel Sharpley; who holds a power of attorney from the captain," interjected the senior partner.

"Precisely. And which we presume Mr. Sharpley has expended on the support and education of the captain's daughter," continued Mr. Bacon, with a peculiar smile.

"We are not responsible for what Mr. Sharpley has done with the money," said Mr. Page, drily.

"Hum! of course not. I merely made the remark, for, under the circumstances the amount of money we have been obliged to pay him would be quite a temptation to some men," and the speaker looked hard at his partner.

"You seem to be uncommonly facetious this morning, Ebenezer. We are alone, and I see no reason why you should not call a spade a spade. Mr. Sharpley is a pettifogging, rascally lawyer. I see by this morning's paper that he's up to his old tricks again. He was haled to court yesterday on the complaint of one of his victims, but managed, as usual, to squeeze himself out through some legal knot-hole. I repeat, Ebenezer, Mr. Sharpley is a thorough scoundrel, and it was owing to his shady reputation that we succeeded in preventing him from becoming the legal guardian of Jessie Gale."

"But in order to keep our grip on the captain's holdings in Alpha & Omega, which increas-

ed enormously in value soon after his supposed death, we have been obliged to a certain extent, to stand in with Mr. Sharpley—that is, we have to pay him a considerable sum as hush-money."

"A most unsatisfactory arrangement for us, Ebenezer, but which we were compelled to accede to, as we have hypothecated the bonds and stocks in question in order to meet our obligations after the squeeze we got in D. & G."

"You state the matter correctly, Uriah," said Mr. Bacon. "We used the securities without authority in order to save our financial standing, and because we felt quite safe in doing, so as we regarded the captain as good as dead after the marine insurance on the Wanderer and her cargo had been paid to the owners. We felt we could afford to stop Mr. Sharpley's exactions by a stiff bribe, though by so doing we have become particeps criminis—that is, accomplices—in a scheme to defraud the captain's daughter. Having won Mr. Sharpley over, we had come to look upon the bulk of the Alpha & Omega securities as part of our business capital."

"Very true, Ebenezer. Therefore, you can imagine what a shock that letter gave me when I opened it and found——"

"That Captain Gale had most unexpectedly and, shall I say, unwelcomely, come back to life. This means that we shall presently be called upon to make good to our client the full value of his holdings in Alpha & Omega. It will never do, Mr. Page!" exclaimed the junior partner, pounding the top of the desk violently.

"But if he should insist on having an accounting, Ebenezer, what then?" asked the sleek, elderly broker of his big partner.

"We shall be ruined, Uriah. Captain Gale holds our receipt for securities worth \$136,000 which only cost him \$29,000 eight years ago. We have borrowed \$60,000 on the stock and \$7,000 on the bonds."

"We could not raise half that amount at this moment, Ebenezer."

"We could not, Uriah. Therefore, as I remarked, we must persuade him to wait."

"Hum! But suppose he won't be reasonable? Suppose he kicks up a muss, Ebenezer? You know what these seafaring people are when they get an idea in their heads. It's hard to move them. Suppose he insists on having his stock and bonds back, and won't go away without them. What then?"

"If argument fails we will hand the captain over to the lawyer. From what I know of Mr. Sharpley, I judge he is amply able to cope with the situation," said Mr. Bacon, bluntly. "By the way, Uriah, have you looked at the marine intelligence in this morning's Herald?"

Mr. Page shook his head.

"You might take a look," he suggested, pointing to the paper which lay on the top of his desk. Mr. Bacon unfolded the paper and turned over the sheets till he came to the page.

"Hum! 'Arrivals.' Hum! hum! by the jumping Jehoshaphat, the man is here!" he exclaimed, in some excitement.

"Eh!"

"He's come, I tell you. Listen: 'Ship Fleetwing; Gale master; Bombay via Cape Town, arrived at quarantine last night at nine o'clock.' We shall see him to-day."

"I am afraid we shall, Ebenezer," replied Mr. Page, in a resigned tone.

"Let us lose no time in considering what we shall do."

The two partners put their heads together and began a very serious talk. While thus engaged there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Bacon, brusquely.

Sid Graham opened the door and stuck his head into the room.

"A gentleman to see the firm," he said.

"Name and business, please?" replied Mr. Bacon, sharply.

"Captain Edward Gale, sir, of the ship Fleetwing."

CHAPTER IV.—Sid and Edna.

Mr. Bacon came out into the reception-room and welcomed his sear-faring visitor most effusively.

"Come right into our private room, Captain Gale," he said, pulling the captain with him. "Mr. Page is in side. We received your letter from Bombay only this morning. Never so surprised in my——"

Bang! went the door, and Sid heard no more.

"Mr. Bacon seems to be highly delighted to see the captain," grinned the boy.

Thus speaking, Sid sought the corner where Edna Jackson was operating a typewriter. Edna was a pretty brown-eyed girl, and Sid thought that, next to his sisters, she was the nicest girl he knew. She knew Sid's mother and sisters, and when they said he was the finest son and brother in the world, she agreed with them. She happened to see Graham come in with Captain Gale, and she wondered who the old weather-beaten gentleman was. So when the lad glided up alongside of her table she, with womanly curiosity, began to question him about the captain.

"That's Captain Gale, of the ship Fleetwing," he answered, beamingly.

"And who is Captain Gale, of the ship Fleetwing?"

"He's a client of ours."

"Indeed! I never saw him before."

"I don't wonder at that. You must have been a little girl in short dresses when he was here before."

"Is that so?" she replied, tossing her shapely head. "And what were you, then?"

"I guess I was a young gentlemen in knickerbockers."

"A little boy in knickerbockers, you mean," she said, with a mischievous smile. "Come now, tell me all about the captain."

"It was this way," began Sid, and then he narrated the manner in which he had rescued the captain from being run down by the fire engine.

"Dear me," she said, with a little shudder, "you both had a very narrow escape."

"I'm not saying we didn't."

"You seem to have been the only one there who tried to do it."

"All right; we'll let it go at that. The captain told me he has a daughter he hasn't seen in eight years. He's going to introduce me to her."

"How old is she?" asked the stenographer, curiously.

"Fifteen, I believe."

"I suppose you'll keep awake nights till you see her. Is she pretty?"

"How can I tell that?" laughed Sid. "You aren't jealous now, are you?"

"Jealous! The idea!"

"If she's prettier than you she must be a peach," grinned the boy.

"You know you don't mean that," said Edna, with a pleased smile.

"I always mean what I say. By the way, I sold my C. & D. stock this morning, at an advance of 10 points."

"Did you, really? How nice! How many shares did you have?"

"Just 100. I bought it at 45, and it took all my dough to put up the margin. I expect to get my check to-morrow for \$1,475, which gives me a profit of \$975. Not so bad for a flier. Of course I'm going to stand treat, as I promised, so get your hat and jacket and I'll blow you off to a tiptop lunch."

"Is this to be a Delmonico spread?" she asked, roguishly, as she rose from her chair.

"Oh, say, what do you want, anyway?"

"Where are you going to take me?"

"There's a nice restaurant on Beaver street. We'll go there."

"Very well. Just wait till I get my things."

As Sid returned to the reception-room and started to put on his hat and overcoat, a bright-looking young man came into the office.

"I'd like to see Sidney Graham," he said.

"That's my name," replied Sid. "What can I do for you?"

"There's my card," said the visitor.

"You're a reporter, eh?"

"Yes. I want your story of the——"

"Oh, I see what you're after," interrupted Graham. "But really I haven't time to talk to you now. Just going out to lunch with our stenographer. Besides, I don't care to be made a hero of in the papers. I only did what any fellow would or ought to have done under the circumstances. You'd better interview Captain Gale. He's engaged with the firm at present, but if you wait I've no doubt he'll tell you all you want to know."

"Thanks, but I'd like you to tell me what you did in your own way, too."

"I tell you I didn't do anything remarkable. I saw the captain standing in a dazed kind of way in the middle of the street. The fire engine was bearing right down on him and saw that unless something was done for him mighty quick he would certainly be run over. So I just jumped into the street, grabbed him under the arms and yanked him out of danger. That's the whole thing. I couldn't tell you any more if I talked with you for a week. Come, Edna."

Sid and Miss Jackson walked out of the office, leaving the reporter to secure an interview with Captain Gale as best he could. It was a whole hour before they got back. They passed Page and Bacon, with Captain Gale between them, on the street, bound, apparently, for Delmonico's for lunch.

"I don't know just why, Edna, but I have taken a great liking to Captain Gale. He's such a bluff,

honest, unsuspecting old man, that it's a pleasure to talk to him. You should have heard him talk about his little girl, as he calls her, though she must be quite a big girl now. As his wife is dead she's the only thing he's got to love in the world."

In the course of an hour Mr. Page returned with Captain Gale. They had hardly entered the private office before Sid was summoned to the room.

"Sidney," said Mr. Page, "Captain Gale has told me of the great service you rendered him this morning on Wall, near Broadway. I must commend you for the nerve you displayed in his behalf. The captain has already thanked you as far as words can express his appreciation of your conduct. But he desires to offer you a more substantial evidence of his gratitude, and I think you deserve it. He authorizes me to turn over to you ten of his first mortgage 5 per cent. Alpha & Omega bonds, whose market value to-day is \$110, or, if you prefer, their equivalent in cash."

"Why, that would amount to \$1,000, sir," exclaimed Sid, in surprise.

The broker nodded.

"But, sir, it would seem like taking pay for a service that I was very happy to render Captain Gale for nothing."

"My dear lad," put in the master of the Fleet-wing, "I couldn't possibly pay you for saving my life. That is something beyond price. I am simply giving you this as a slight testimonial or remembrance of the occasion. I should feel much hurt if you refused to accept the gift, which I can very easily afford, since I find that the securities I left in the custody of Page & Bacon eight years ago have very largely increased in value."

"Very well, captain; since you insist I will accept the bonds, and I thank you very much for your valuable gift."

"You are welcome, my lad. Now I will ask a favor of you."

"I'll be glad to oblige you any way I can," replied the boy, cheerfully.

"I knew you would. Mr. Page has given me Mr. Sharpley's address, and I am going over to see my little girl. As I am not familiar with Jersey City, and I believe you are to some extent, Mr. Page says you may go over with me and show me the way."

"I am quite ready to do so," answered Sid, pleased to render the old skipper an additional kindness.

"I will be ready in less than half an hour," said the captain.

"All right, sir."

Sid then withdrew to carry the news to Edna that he had become a bloated bondholder. Thirty minutes later Captain Gale came into the reception-room and told Sid he was ready to go to Jersey City. The boy put on his hat and coat and led the way to the street.

"Here is Mr. Sharpley's address," said the captain, handing Graham a slip of paper.

It was about four o'clock when they arrived at their destination—a very ordinary-looking frame structure that badly needed a coat of paint. Clearly, Mr. Sharpley was not a lawyer of any great importance if external indications went for anything; still there is a saying that

you can't always judge a book by its cover. Sid, however, was rather disappointed by what he saw, and his former suspicions returned to him. They went upstairs, knocked on a door which bore Mr. Sharpley's name, and were bidden to enter by a boyish voice. They accepted the invitation and found themselves in a scantily furnished, not over-clean room, of small dimensions, whose sole occupant was a small-red-headed urchin of perhaps twelve years, who was perched upon a tall stool, reading a copy of some Wild West fiction. Apparently he resented the intrusion of visitors, for his voice and manner were aggressive, as he inquired their business.

"We wish to see Mr. Samuel Sharpley," said Sid.

"Well, you can't see him, 'cos he isn't in," snorted the office boy.

"Do you expect him in soon?"

"Naw. If you want to see him badly you'd better go down to the 'Seaman's Rest,' at the foot of Blank Street."

"Where?" gasped Sid, aghast at the direction, who confirmed his fears.

"The Seaman's Rest," repeated the boy, who immediately returned to his library, and paid no further attention to his visitors.

Sid, with a sense of impending misfortune, led the way back to the street.

CHAPTER V.—The Seaman's Rest.

There was some tough and miserable-looking habitations along the Jersey City water front, but the worst of them all, in the estimation of the police, was the "Seaman's Rest," at the foot of Blank Street. On that particular November afternoon on which Sid Graham and Captain Gale crossed the North River to Jersey City, in a shabby little den back of the barroom, sat two men, one of whom had scoundrel stamped in Nature's most legible characters upon his forehead, though there wasn't much room there to stamp it; while the other, dressed in a seedy black, looked the artful, cunning schemer he was. This well-matched pair of rascals were Benjamin Cutcliff, who had charge of the establishment, and Samuel Sharpley, the reputed owner. That the two were hand-in-glove in every piece of villainy which took place under the roof of that ramshackle building was generally understood by the police.

"Things seem to be goin' to be bad with us, Sharpley," said the low-browed ruffian, sullenly, as he refilled his clay pipe from the box and lit it.

"Bad!" snapped the lawyer. "They couldn't be much worse."

"Monday I was pinched, and the bar closed, all on account of that sailor who said he had been hounded in here, and cleaned out of nine dollars," grumbled Cutcliff.

"Well, I got you off, didn't I?"

"You did, of course. But yesterday you was run in yourself 'cause another sailor I sent to your office charged you with swindling him out of sixteen dollars."

"It didn't do the police any good to arrest me," said Mr. Sharpley, with a disagreeable grin. "They didn't have any evidence to hold me."

"That's 'cause you was too smart for 'em; but all the same the fly cops are keepin' their blinkers on both of us pretty sharp. That sort of thing is doin' us up. Looks as if we'd have to sell out and move somewhere else."

"Well, that ain't the worst of it," snarled Mr. Sharpley, pouring out a portion of spirits from the bottle and tossing it off with a smack of his lips.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Cutcliff, regarding his associate with sudden alarm. "What's up?"

"Nothing to worry you particularly," growled the lawyer, in an ugly way.

"What is it?"

"The father of that gal I loaned you to play the piano and sing the latest topical songs for the amusement of the patrons of the house has turned up."

"How did you find out he was in the land of the livin'?"

"A messenger boy from across the river delivered a note at my office a while ago from a party who isn't any more gratified by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Cap'n Gale than I am."

"Oh!" grinned Cutcliff, blowing out a cloud of tobacco smoke. "Where has the cap'n been all these years?" added the scoundrel, curiously.

"Wrecked on an island."

"And how he's arrived home."

"He's in New York."

"He's want to see his daughter, and I'm afeard it'll be kind of awkward for you when he discovers how the gal has been brought up."

The rascal shut one eye and regarded Mr. Sharpley with a kind of malicious grin. The lawyer glared at him uneasily.

"You've been collectin' some money from a Wall Street office every six months for to provide the gal with an eddication and support, but which," with a wink, "has been otherwise appropriated."

"You needn't tell me what I know already," replied Mr. Sharpley, disagreeably.

"You might have had a bank account by this time if you wasn't so fond of playin' the horses and buckin' the tiger."

"Bah!"

"If I was in your shoes it would be me to the woods," suggested Cutcliff. "When that sailor sees that his good money has been wasted, and that the gal ain't the real lady he's expectin' to find her, he's goin' to raise merry jingoes about this place. He can't hold me for nothin', as I ain't responsible for her bringin' up, at least to him. I never seen him, and ain't s'posed to know Jessie Gale is his daughter. I kin swear she was gived to me to eddicate in the vaudeville line for her board and clothes," asserted the scoundrel, with a grin.

"Where is Jessie Gale?" asked Mr. Sharpley.

"Upstairs in her room," replied Cutcliff, sulkily.

"The cap'n, when he comes, mustn't see her, do you understand?"

"It wouldn't be healthy for us if he did," grinned the lawyer, with a wicked look coming into his eyes.

"I ain't hankerin' after a row that would bring

the police down on us the way things is," answered his partner in villainy.

"There's more than one way of killing a cat," said his companion, darkly.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Cutcliff, curiously.

"I mean," said the lawyer, deliberately, "that Cap'n Gale mustn't leave this house with the knowledge that I have wronged both him and his daughter. If persuasion fails, other means must be found to quiet him."

"Which is?" said Cutcliff, inquiringly.

"No matter. You've a spare room with a bed in it above, overlooking the river, eh?"

His companion said he had.

"Got any drops in the house?"

"You mean——"

"Knockout drops, you fool!" snarled the lawyer, impatiently.

"I'm all out of the stuff."

"We must have some."

"Then you're goin' to drug the seafarin' gent?"

"As there's no tellin when Cap'n Gale will turn up here, I'll go out and buy a bottle of chloral."

Thus speaking, the lawyer took down his hat and overcoat from a hook, put them on, and left the Seaman's Rest by a side door. Hardly had he gone when a door, communicating with a passage where stairs led to the floor above, opened softly and by degrees, and presently a girl's face, framed in golden ringlets, peered cautiously into the darkened and deserted bar-room. It was a lovely, innocent face—a face stamped with the purity of a madonna. In one hand she carried a paper bundle, and her alert and anxious look seemed to show that her object was to avoid observation.

As she crossed the upswept floor, where the discolored sawdust was sprinkled with old cigar butts, pieces of broken tumblers and fragments of stale free lunch, the grace of her movements was unmistakable. Her objective point was not the main door, which was locked and bolted, but the side door through which Mr. Sharpley had just passed out into the street. Once or twice she stopped, leaned against the bar and listened, then adanced again. At length the half-open door leading into the den behind the corner of the bar caught her notice. Instantly she paused and regarded it with frightened, distended eyes.

She had caught the sound of Cutcliff's feet as he shuffled them on the floor when he leaned against the table to help himself to another glass of whisky. She heard the ring of the glass on the wood as he set it down after drinking. Clearly, she stood in fear of the person behind that door. The sudden pushing back of a chair, as if the occupant of the den had arisen to his feet, spurred her to sudden action. She darted noiselessly toward the side door. But quick as were her movements, she was seen by Cutcliffe, who came into the barroom at that moment. He uttered an oath.

"Come back here, you little fool!" he yelled, savagely, making a dash after her.

Her hand was on the knob of the door and she made a desperate effort to get it open. But the door did not move easily. Mr. Sharpley had slammed it to when he went out, and it clung obstinately to the jamb. Before she had quite

overcome this difficulty the ruffian's huge hand was on her shoulder, and she was jerked back, roughly, into the barroom.

"So that's your game, is it?" Cutcliff roared, furiously, as he snatched away her bundle and fired it behind the bar. "You were goin' to cut and run, you little sneak! Goin' to leave us in the lurch, eh? I'll give you somethin' that'll learn you a lesson, you ungrateful jade!"

Seizing her firmly by the wrist he was about to strike her a heavy blow, when the side door was pushed open suddenly and Sid Graham, followed by Captain Gale, entered the barroom. The gas light fell upon the ruffian and his shrinking victim. His purpose was apparent. All the chivalry of Graham's nature rushed to the fore. Springing forward, he caught the descending fist and exclaimed, hotly:

"You shall not strike that girl!"

CHAPTER VI.—Father and Daughter.

"Who the dickens are you, and what do you want?" asked Cutcliff, savagely.

"No matter who I am," replied Sid, stoutly. "I want you to leave that girl alone, do you understand?"

"Get out of here, both of you, do you hear, or I'll murder you!"

Then Captain Gale interfered.

"Look here, my man," he said, as if addressing an insubordinate member of his crew, "we didn't come here to have trouble with you, but the boy is right. We're not going to let you lay your hand on that little girl. Why, she's almost a child. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Captain Gale was an old man, but he was a resolute one, accustomed to handling men as big and just as ugly as Benjamin Cutcliffe, and the air of authority he brought to bear on the rascal had its effect. The fellow's rage subsided somewhat, and as the girl crept a few steps away from him and toward the two new arrivals whom she regarded as heaven-sent friends in her hour of need, he said:

"Well, Mister Who-ever-you-are, we needn't quarrel over the matter. The gal is a bad one, and I was only just correctin' her, see? I s'pose you had some object in comin' in here. I'd be obleeged if you'd spit it out."

"Yes, I had an object in coming here. This is the 'Seaman's Rest,' I think?"

"That's what it is."

"We were told Mr. Samuel Sharpley was here. I want to see him."

Benjamin Cutcliff was at once upon his guard, not only in his partner's interest but, indirectly his own. Who was this person who wanted to see Samuel Sharpley, and what did he want with him? It might seem strange, in view of Captain Gale's seafaring appearance, which bristled in his every word and move, as well as the fact that the two rascals were expecting the captain to put in his appearance at any moment, that Cutcliff did not at once suspect who his chief visitor really was; but the fact of the matter is this—the affairs of the house, as well as the reputation of both himself and his associate,

were in so bad a way, that the ruffian actually had the idea that these visitors might be a couple of detectives or wardmen in disguise, come to trap Mr. Sharpley, if not also himself, and that suspicion made him exceedingly wary about answering questions.

"What do you want with him?" in a more conciliatory tone than he had used before.

"I want to see him."

"He was here a while ago, but he's gone away."

"Gone away?" said the captain, in a tone of great disappointment.

"That's what."

"But you expect him back, don't you?" asked the master of the Fleetwing.

"He might be back to-night, and then, ag'in, he might not," shuffled Cutcliff.

"You can give me his address, where he lives, can't you?" eagerly.

The rascal shook his head, with half a grin.

"What are we going to do, Sid?" asked Captain Gale, turning to his guide.

Before the boy could reply, Cutcliff said:

"If you'll leave your name and address, I'll give it to him when I see him again."

"Can't you send for him? I'm very anxious to see him—you haven't the least idea how anxious," said the captain, almost impwloringly. "I know he'll come just as soon as he hears I'm here. Mr. Sharpley is my dead wife's half-brother. Send him word that Cap'n Gale, who's been away these eight years, is here waiting for him."

At that moment you might have knocked Cutcliff down with a feather.

"Are you Cap'n Gale?" he gasped, forgetting the presence of the girl in the room.

"I am. Cap'n Ed'ard Gale, formerly of the ship Wanderer, lost at sea, with all hands except myself, seven years ago; and I've come to see my little Jessie——"

A thrilling scream cut his further utterance in two. The girl started forward, wildly, and extended her arms to the master of the Fleetwing.

"Father! Father!" she cried, fantastically. "Are you alive? I am your child, Jessie Gale!"

"Gracious heaven! Are you indeed my Jessie? My little darling whom I have not seen in eight long years!"

"Yes, father!" she cried, sobbing for very joy as she nestled closer in his arms.

"And I meet you here—here in this place! A boarding-house on the docks. What does it all mean?"

"Oh, father, don't ask me!" she begged, with a shudder. "Take me away with you. Do take me away."

A purring voice just behind the captain rescued him from his dilemma.

"Cap'n Gale! Is it possible? I'm overjoyed to see you."

The greeting came from Mr. Sharpley who had silently appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER VII.—A Crafty Rascal.

Mr. Sharpley, who had returned to the "Seaman's Rest" at a moment which promised confusion to all his plans, had taken in the situation the instant he entered the barroom unperceived

by its occupants. The captain hardly recognized him, so greatly had rascality altered his dead wife's half-brother, and for the moment stared at him without uttering a word.

"What, Edward," continued the schemer, going up to the shipmaster with outstretched hand, "don't you know me?"

Captain Gale looked hard at him.

"So," said Captain Gale, at length satisfied of the man's identity, "it is really you, Samuel Sharpley."

"Yes, Edward, yes; no other."

"Well I'm glad to see you," in a tone which was more of menace than of welcome.

"Thank you, Edward," purred the rascal, leeringly. "It does one's eyes good to see you back among us again after we'd given you up for dead. It does, indeed, Edward. You are going to stay with us some time, I hope."

"We'll talk of that, maybe, when you've set a few things right that don't strike me in the proper light at present," replied the captain, sternly.

"Whatever you want to know Edward, you've only to ask. I'm ready to answer all questions, especially any concerning your sweet little daughter Jessie, whom I took it upon myself to bring up in your absence."

"Well, Mr. Sharpley," replied Captain Gale, drily, "I hope you will be able to explain to my satisfaction how it is I find my Jessie in such a den as this appears to be. Answer me, sir; is this the way you have fulfilled your trust?"

"Now, Edward, I beg you will have patience," answered Mr. Sharpley, in a tone so meek that Cutcliff rubbed his eyes to make sure it was actually his partner who had spoken. "Let us go upstairs, where the surroundings are, ahem! not quite so—shall I say repulsive, and I am sure we shall come to a proper understanding."

"No, no, father!" cried Jessie, clinging closer to him. "Take me away, please. I don't want to stay here, indeed I don't."

"You hear that, Mr. Sharpley?" said the captain, stroking the girl's head fondly. "You hear what she says? I can feel her tremble in my arms. This looks bad."

"I don't wonder the poor child wishes to get away," replied Mr. Sharpley, hypocritically. "At best this house has few attractions for her."

As for Cutcliff, he was amazed at his partner's nerve.

"Yes," went on Mr. Sharpley, rubbing his hands with invisible soap, and heaving a long-drawn sigh, "the poor child has had to put up with a great deal which could not be avoided."

"How can that be?" demanded the captain, a bit puzzled, and not a little angry. "You have regularly received a considerable sum from Page & Bacon, the interest and dividends from one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars worth of securities——"

"How much? One hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, you say?" cried the lawyer, in great surprise, for Mr. Bacon had carefully concealed from him the real value of the captain's property, leading him to believe it was not a third of that sum.

"Well, Mr. Sharpley, how does that concern you?" replied the master of the Fleetwing, bluntly. "You received the profits on my investments,

did you not? And you were supposed to apply it to the support and education of my Jessie. It looks as if you had betrayed your trust."

"I acknowledge I received certain sums of money from Page & Bacon," admitted the lawyer, feeling certain that Captain Gale had the facts of the case from the Wall Street brokers. "But," here Mr. Sharpley screwed his countenance into a melancholy look, "financial difficulties overtook me, and I endeavored to recover myself by resorting to games of chance."

"Do you mean to say you have gambled with Jessie's money?" roared the skipper.

"Edward," he replied, humbly, we all have our failures."

"Well, you are a pretty trustee, upon my word."

"I hope you won't be hard on me, Edward," he whined. "I see now the error of my ways. I have treated the poor child shabbily, I admit, and I humbly ask your pardon. I meant well, but the flesh was weak. You know I always was a kind of black sheep, Edward. Your wife, my sainted half-sister, tried to win me from my follies, but the ground under my feet was slippery—very slippery."

The very humility of Mr. Sharpley's confession disarmed the captain's just anger, and the rascal, who had been craftily working toward that end, was quick to grasp his advantage.

Mr. Sharpley moved over in front of his partner, and dexterously pushed into one of his hands a small bottle he had previously taken from his pocket.

"Before we part forever, perhaps," continued the rascal, making a feint to brush a tear from his eye, "let us drink to each other's health. You won't refuse me that small favor, Edward. It's the last I'll ask of you."

Cutcliff, who had dropped to his associate's purpose, quickly brought out a bottle of the best liquor the house had on hand, and while rinsing the glasses, dropped a portion of the drug into one of them, quickly covering it with three fingers' depth of liquor. Then he poured a second dram for his partner, and shoved the glasses toward the respective individuals.

"I'd prefer not to drink with you, Sharpley, under the circumstances," replied Captain Gale; "but as you seem to be sorry for your almost unpardonable conduct, I'm willing to bury my resentment, with the understanding that our ways hereafter shall lie wide apart."

Mr. Sharpley, who had feared the captain was about to refuse to fall into his trap, hid a malicious grin behind his hands, and stepped up to the bar.

"Jessie," said her father, "we are going to leave here now; but before we go I want you to know Sidney Graham," and he motioned to the boy, who had been a quiet observer of all that had passed, to draw nearer. "Sid, this is my Jessie—my little ewe lamb—the very likeness of her dead mother. Take her by the hand, my lad, for I want you to be the best of friends. Jessie, this lad saved your father's life on Wall Street this morning, and I expect you will be grateful to him for it."

"Oh, Mr. Graham," she cried, earnestly, "did you really save my father?"

"Well, I can't deny that I pulled him out of a

tight scrape," laughed Sid, much impressed by the girl's singular beauty and charm of manner.

"Then, I shall be grateful to you as long as I live!" she cried, impulsively.

"Thank you, Miss Jessie. I hope we shall be very good friends."

"I am sure we shall," she replied, with a shy glance of admiration at the good-looking boy.

"That's right," said Captain Gale, in a pleased tone. "Now take charge of her, Sid, while I humor this miserable apology of a man by drinking his health."

He stepped up beside the bar and took up the glass of drugged liquor.

"Now, Jessie, Sid, we will go," said the captain as he put down his glass. "Good-by, Sharples. For your dead half-sister's sake I will bury the past, but I trust we may not meet again." (

The three walked to the door, and Sid tried to open it. It was locked.

CHAPTER VIII.—In a Bad Fix.

"The door is locked," said Sid, after he had vainly tried to open it.

"How is this, Sharples?" Captain Gale demanded of the rascal. "This door is locked."

The lawyer looked up, with a repulsive leer on his face.

"You must be mistaken, Edward," replied the schemer, without making a move.

"I'm not mistaken. The door is locked," answered the captain, impatiently.

"You'll have to go out by the warf door," remarked the lawyer, with an evil smile.

"No, no, father," protested Jessie, who seemed to suspect the two men of some crooked intention.

"Haven't you a key to this door?" he asked, turning upon the lawyer. "You came in this way yourself."

Mr. Sharples appeared to be very deaf all at once, for he took no notice of the boy's question.

"This way, Edward," he said to the sea captain. "I'll let you out by the warf door."

Mr. Sharples led the way toward a door at the end of the barroom, and as the party filed toward it, Cutcliff drew a slung-shot from his pocket and glided after them. The lawyer opened the door and entered a sort of sitting-room, overlooking the river. As Captain Gale was following, Cutcliff stepped forward, seized Sid and swung him aside, and struck the master of the Fleetwing a stunning blow on the head with his weapon. As the captain fell, face forward, on the floor, Jessie uttered a piercing scream and threw herself beside her father.

"Look after the gal," cried Cutcliff, rapidly, "I'll answer for the boy."

He slammed the door to and turned about to attend to Graham. Sid had quickly recovered himself, but noting the slung-shot in the scoundrel's hand he seized a stool and swung it viciously at Cutcliff's head. As Sid was a strong boy for his years, the blow would have knocked the ruffian out if it had struck him squarely. But no such fortunate thing happened. He faced the lad in time to throw up one of his powerful arms and arrest the intended blow in mid-air. Then he closed with Sid. The struggle which

followed was brief, for Graham was no match for the big rascal. The stool flew into a corner, and Sid slipped and went down on the floor, with Cutcliff on top of him. The ruffian dropped the slung-shot as he fell over the youth, and it rolled out of his reach. But he didn't need it. He grasped at Sid's throat, and failing to get a hold, owing to the violence of the boy's struggles, he struck Graham a heavy blow on the head with one of his fists, half stunning him.

"I guess I've fixed you, you cantankerous whelp!" he muttered, seeing that the boy had ceased all movement. "Now, I'll put you where you won't have a chance to butt in any more."

He raised a trap leading to the cellar under the barroom, grasped the boy in his arms and carried him down into the filthy, ill-smelling place.

"There, I hope you'll enjoy your bed," he gritted, as he laid his burden on the rough planks which formed the flooring. "You'll stay here till we kin attend to your case."

Then he left the semi-conscious boy, ascended the steps, threw down the trapdoor into its place, and rolled a beer keg on top of it. Ten minutes might have elapsed before Sid recovered his senses sufficiently to make a move. He sat up, to find himself in utter silence and darkness. Where was he? That he could not tell. He got upon his feet and stretched out his arms, but they came in contact with nothing.

"This is a nice pickle I'm in, for fair," he muttered, gloomingly. "And I'm afraid things have gone hard with Captain Gale and his daughter. What a villain that lawyer, Sharples, is! He looks capable of committing a murder without turning a hair. As to his ruffiantly associate, he's a gallow's bird if there ever was one. I wonder what they intend to do with me? Do me up, I suppose, at their leisure. And this is a fitting place for the commission of any dark deed. The river is right up against this building. A knock on the head and a quiet toss out of a window—that's all that's necessary to get ride of a human incumbrance," with a shudder. "Well, I'm not going to be put out that way if I can help myself," he added, resolutely. "Thank goodness, I always carry a match-safe, though I'm not a smoker. It's handy to have about one, and never more welcome than at this moment."

Sid struck a match, and as the tiny flame flared up he looked curiously about him. He saw he was in a cellar, and from the collection of apparently empty beer and whisky barrels scattered about, judged it was beneath the barroom of the "Seaman's Rest."

The floor and walls were thickly covered with an accumulation of dust and dirt, while the corners were festooned with a heavy collection of cobwebs. Part of a candle, supported by three nails driven into a small block of wood, stood on the top of one of the barrels, and Sid hailed its appearance with satisfaction. Beside it was a wooden hammer-like instrument used for driving in the bungs of casks. Sid lit the candle and taking it in his hand made a more critical survey of his prison. Of course he noticed the stairs connecting with the trap-door at once, and the first thing he did was to creep softly up them and push against the trap. It resisted all the strength he could bring to bear upon it.

"Locked on the other side," he muttered. "I ought to have known it would be."

Returning to the cellar floor again, he began to look for the usual sidewalk opening. Lying upon the floor he saw a skid, used for sliding barrels down an incline. Flashing the light in that direction he made out a break in the stone wall. Crossing over, he saw a series of wooden steps rising at an acute angle. Ascending a couple of them brought him within reach of the customary cellar flaps, joined in the center. On pushing against them he found, as he had feared, that the covering was secured on the other side, probably by a heavy hasp and padlock.

"No chance of getting out this way, that's certain," he breathed.

Then he continued his inspection of the place.

"I believe there's a door here," he said, as he noticed an indentation in the stone wall at one end of the cellar.

The break in the wall was almost hidden by a pile of empty wine and champagne boxes, stacked up to the ceiling. Dislodging one of the boxes, he pushed the candle into the hole.

"It is a door all right, but of course it's locked."

As he didn't mean to let any possible chance to escape from the place go by him, he set to work to investigate. He had to remove a dozen boxes before he came to the knob, and then he noticed that the door was held by a bolt. It was rusty and stiff from disuse, but by the aid of a few taps from the bung mallet Sid shot it, and pushed the door open. The cold, salty breath of the river saluted his nostrils. Looking around the enclosure he had stumbled upon, he thought at first from the collection of spiles which rose out of a watery foundation that he was beneath the wharf adjoining the "Seaman's Rest."

"I'm out of that den, at any rate," he murmured. "All I have to do is to clamber across these spiles, get on the wharf and rush off for police assistance to save the captain and his daughter from the designs of those scoundrels."

The spiles were crossed by numerous braces, and afforded an easy means of getting to what Sid supposed was the edge of the wharf. He was handicapped by the necessity of carrying the lighted candle with him to light up his surroundings, and prevent him from making an unlucky step, for the place was as dark as the blackest night, and the swashing sound of the water around the base of the spiles warned him of the consequences of an unfortunate tumble. Cautiously he moved across the network of braces until he reached the further side of the place. Sticking his head out into the open air and glancing upward, he saw not the stringpiece of a wharf, but the smooth outline of a building. The wharf, like a piece of smut in the air, was only a few yards away, and easy to be reached, but for the moment he was directly under the continuation of the "Seaman's Rest."

Looking out on the river, Sid saw a distant ferryboat heading in for her slip, and far beyond her glimmered the lights on Manhattan Island. The boy had no more use for his candle, so he dropped it into the water. Further inspection above showed him a sort of stringpiece, a foot in width, running the length of the building.

"If I can pull myself up on that it will be easy walking to the wharf, and will save time."

To a lad of his gymnastic training the feat was not very difficult, and he was presently standing upon the stringpiece, with his back against the building. He found that the footboard was not as stable as he had supposed, and therefore he moved forward with considerable caution, feeling his way as he went.

A window overlooked his path about half-way to the wharf. Two of the panes were broken and patched with paper. As he drew close to it he saw a dim light shining through the dirty glass. Glancing cautiously in through a comparatively clean patch, he was somewhat startled to see the forbidding features of Samuel Sharpley and Benjamin Cutcliff within a foot or two of the window.

CHAPTER IX.—What Sid Saw and Heard Through the Window.

The two scoundrels were seated at a table placed against the window, and were smoking and drinking. Mr. Sharpley had in his hands the red leather pocketbook which Sid at once recognized as the property of Captain Gale, for it was the same in which he had placed the card on which the boy had written his name and address at the captain's request while they sat together in the Broad street cafe that morning. Every word spoken by the rascals in the room came distinctly to Sid's ear through the patched window panes, and a part of the conversation rather astonished him.

Mr. Sharpley had already abstracted the money that the pocketbook contained, for it lay in a small pile on the table beside his elbow. But he seemed to be searching for something else, for he took paper by paper from the different pockets and examined them carefully by the light of the candle which furnished illumination.

"Perhaps it ain't there," Sid heard Cutcliff remark, as he eagerly leaned across the table, his unshaven face looking decidedly dirty and forbidding.

"It ought to be here unless——"

"Unless what?"

"He left it behind aboard his ship."

The paper appeared to be of great importance to the rascally pair, for the very idea that it might be out of their reach brought an oath from the tobacco-stained lips of the big ruffian. Finally, Mr. Sharpley came to the end compartment, and, inserting his talon-like fingers, fished out a bit of carefully folded paper. He opened it out carefully and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. Sid, peering through the glass, saw that the paper bore the lithograph heading of Page & Bacon.

"Got it, have you?" cried Cutcliff, eagerly.

"Yes. This is Page & Bacon's acknowledgment of the receipt on deposit from Captain Gale of one hundred Alpha & Omega five per cent. first mortgage bonds, market value nine thousand dollars; and five hundred shares of preferred stock of same company, market value twenty thousand dollars—in all twenty-nine thousand dollars."

"Is that all?" asked Cutcliff, in a disappointed tone.

"That's all."

"Then, what did the cap'n mean when he said in the barroom that Page & Bacon had paid you the interest on securities worth one hundred and thirty-six dollars?"

"This receipt is dated eight years ago, Cutcliff. The stock and bonds must have gone up in value. You've got a morning paper somewhere about the place, haven't you?"

"I've got one somewhere."

"Well, get it and I'll look Alpha & Omega up, and see what it's worth."

While Cutcliff went hunting for the paper, the lawyer took up the money, skinned a couple of the big bills off the bottom and put them away in one of his pockets. Honesty among thieves was clearly not one of his virtues. Then he laid the money down in exactly the same place it was before, and was replacing the rejected papers in the pocketbook when his partner returned with the paper. Mr. Sharpley took it out of his hand, turned to the financial page and scanned the reports of sales on the Stock Exchange.

"Alpha & Omega, closing price, 125," he read.

"What does that mean?" asked his confederate, in a puzzled tone.

"It means the stock is worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars per share," said the lawyer, in great satisfaction.

"Does that make one hundred and thirty-six dollars?" asked the big scoundrel, with a covetous glance.

"Well, hardly!" replied his partner. "I've got to look the bonds up yet. Ah, here they are: Alpha & Omega, first mortgage fives, one hundred and ten dollars. Give me a bit of paper and I'll figure the thing out."

Cutcliff produced some dirty torn sheets of notepapers from the drawer of the table. The lawyer took a lead pencil from his vest-pocket.

"Five hundred shares at one hundred and twenty-five dollars is sixty-two thousand five hundred; one hundred bonds at one hundred and ten dollars is eleven thousand dollars—total, seventy-three thousand five hundred dollars."

"That isn't one hundred and thirty-six thousand," grumbled Cutcliff.

"No," said Mr. Sharpley, who, of course, had no idea that by the "watering" process the 500 shares had become 1,000, "but it's a pretty tidy amount. The captain must have other securities in Page & Bacon's hands if they really hold one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars worth of his property. They never told me anything about what they had—the foxy scoundrels!—nor what was the value of the captain's holdings. I didn't suppose he was worth more than thirty thousand dollars, and I wormed that information out of my half-sister before she died. I thought I had turned the screws on Page & Bacon, and was making a good thing out of them these six years past, when the truth seems that they have been doing me up to the queen's taste, and laughing at me in their sleeves. "But I'll make 'em pay for it! This is the article," holding up the receipt, "which shall make 'em stump up handsomely, or I'll expose 'em in court."

"They meant to do the gal out of the cap'n's dust, eh?"

"That's their idea. They thought he was dead and out of the way for good. They believed the

receipt went down with him and his ship. Nobody but they know what the cap'n owned. If he hadn't sent me that power of attorney to draw on them I shouldn't have known where that thirty thousand dollars worth of property I figured on had gone to, and then they'd have had everything in their hands. If it hadn't been that I knew the court never would have appointed me the girl's guardian, I'd have made it warm for Page & Bacon; but that was where they had me, and I had to make the best bargain I could with them—the villains! If the cap'n, when he visited them to-day, had only known what slippery ducks they are, he wouldn't have left his property in their hands five minutes. But he didn't know, and he'll never know now. He was an easy bird for them to pluck; but this receipt will make 'em ante up a fair share of his property or there's going to be trouble."

Mr. Sharpley then went on to tell his associate about the swinding arrangement he had entered into with Page & Bacon by which he received a certain sum every three months as a kind of side-partner in the robbery of the presumed orphan—Jessie Gale—and as Sid Graham heard every word of this confidential disclosure his faith in the integrity of the firm who employed him received a terrible jar.

"With this receipt, and the girl under my thumb, Page & Bacon will have to toe the mark," grinned the lawyer, exultantly. "As you are in with me on this business now, for I can't dispose of the cap'n without your help, we'll divide even on whatever we can bleed the Wall Street brokers out of."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, Sharp-ley. A square deal every time between business associates is my mottoe."

The lawyer grinned, but the grin meant no good to Benjamin Cutcliff.

"No," continued the big scoundrel, "there ain't no use waitin' till all hours to finish this bit of business we have in hand. Between the drug and the crack on the nut I handed him out, the seafarin' gent will be pie in our hands. All we've got to do is to fetch him down to this room, tie a good weight around his feet, and with a bit of rope lower him out of this window into the river. The night is dark as the ace of spades, so there ain't no chance for nobody to see us doin' the trick. As we're both in it, there ain't no fear of either of us squealin' on the other."

The lawyer grinned again, but more sardonic than before.

"After that, we'll treat the boy to a dose of the same physic; that removes all the evidence in the case; then, even if the gal should give us the slip any time and make a squeal, nothin' kin be brought ag'in us, see?"

Evidently, Mr. Sharpley saw the point, for he grinned again, more horribly than ever.

CHAPTER X.—Tricking the Enemy.

"What shall I do?" fluttered Sid, as he saw the two villains leave the room. "They're going to complete their murderous work by drowning Captain Gale. How shall I save him, for save him I must? I haven't a weapon of any kind, and

there isn't time for me to hunt up a police officer."

He stood on the frail footboard outside the window, fairly shivering with excitement and anxiety. Suddenly a plan occurred to him, like an inspiration from heaven—a plan whose very ingeniousness seemed to promise success. But to carry it out he must have a boat. That should not be so hard to find in that neighborhood. Well, if he was to put his scheme into execution he had no time to lose. He moved along the stringpiece in the direction of the wharf. In a few moments he was standing on the dock. He ran across the planks to a landing place he had noticed that evening in the gathering dusk when he and Captain Gale had walked to the "Seaman's Rest."

At that time he had seen several small boats tied to the lowest step of the landing stairs. Were they, or even one of them, still there? That was the all-important question. Running down the steps to the water's edge, he hurriedly struck a match. The sputtering light showed him that the boats were there.

"Thank heaven," he murmured, fervently. "I shall be able to avert a terrible crime!"

The fact that there were no oars in the boats did not worry him. The distance he had to go was so short that he could pull himself around to the scene of action by means of the spiles. To pull out his jack-knife and sever the rope which secured the smallest of the boats was but the work of a moment. Then, stepping into her, he pulled her under the wharf, and so on, until he came out on the other side; then he guided her along the spiles until he reached a position directly under the window through which Cutcliff had proposed to launch the unconscious form of Captain Gale to his death. There he waited in the darkness for developments. Presently he heard the window sash above raised. In a moment or two he heard a sound which told him that an object of some kind, which he believed to be the captain, was being pushed out and lowered slowly and with deliberation. He heard it strike against the footboard on which he had been standing when listening at the window. Gazing eagerly upward, he perceived a dark object come between his eyes and the sky. Its outline was surely that of a good-sized human being. Soon it hung clear of the stringpiece and came down toward the boat. When it came within reach he extended his hands and guided it into his little craft. As the body sank into the bottom of the boat Sid grasped the ropes that ran under the captain's armpits and pulled steadily on them, just enough to give the villains above the idea that the body was going right down to the bed of the river. Finally, when he thought enough of the rope ad been payed out he stopped pulling, dexterously yanked the strands from under the unconscious man's arms and let the rope drop softly into the water. As he did so one of the ends of the rope struck the water with a splash, the line was rapidly pulled up, and soon disappeared in the gloom above. His scheme had succeeded finely, and Captain Gale's life was saved, though he was yet well under the influence of the drug.

But Jessie Gale was still in the hands of the enemy. She was not in any danger of her life,

it was true, but it did not seem as if his work could be regarded as satisfactory unless he was able to devise and execute some plan which would secure her escape as well as her father's. How was this to be done? Then he suddenly recollected that it was Cutcliff's purpose to visit the cellar with the object of polishing off the prisoner he supposed to be still there.

"By George; they'll see the boxes down and the door open. That will show them I have made my escape, and just how I managed to do it. They will naturally believe I've gone to give them away at the nearest police station. That will throw them into a panic, and they will vamoose the ranch, taking Jessie with them, and the captain may lose track of his daughter altogether, which would be tough. Is there any way to avoid this?"

A dozen schemes flashed through his brain, only to be discarded in turn as impracticable. At last a daring, we might call it desperate, plan occurred to him, leaving, however, the evidence pointing to his escape plainly to be seen by either or both of the rascals who came down, bent on his death. Then he would trust to luck for a chance to turn the tables on them. A boy less courageous, less nervy, than Sid Graham would have hesitated or declined to engage upon so hazzardous a venture, even in behalf of so pretty and good a girl as Jessie Gale. But Sid was plucky and venturesome to the backbone. Where his duty pointed he was always ready to take chances.

He had already shown this spirit in his daring rescue of Captain Gale from under the very nose of the fire department horses that morning. He knew that Jessie was dearer to the captain than his life, therefore he was ready to face a serious peril that she might be restored to her father. Having decided upon the course he meant to pursue, Sid paddled the boat with his hands under that part of the building built on spiles. He tied the craft to one of the innermost spiles, where it would hardly be noticed even if a light was flashed around the watery place. Feeling easy about the captain, Sid climbed over to the door, which was still open as he had left it. Entering the building he disarranged the boxes still more, so that they would attract immediate attention. Then he crept in between the wall and a tier of empty beer barrels and waited. He had not long to wait, though Sid thought he was there fully half an hour, when the trapdoor was thrown up, and Cutcliff, with a lantern in his hand, followed by the lawyer, came down into the cellar. Stand where you are, Sharpley!" ordered the big ruffian, when they reached the foot of the steps. That young monkey has probably recovered his senses by this time and may make a break for the stairs while I'm lookin' for him."

So Mr. Sharpley covered the approach of the steps leading to the barroom, while his associate flashed the light around the cellar. Suddenly Cutcliff uttered a fierce oath. His eyes had lighter upon the scattered boxes and the open door beyond.

"Come here, Sharpley!" he roared, furiously. "That boy has escaped by this old door, which has never been opened since we've been here. How he discovered it behind that pile of boxes gets me. We'll have to cut out now with the girl in pretty short order, for he'll notify the police,

and we'll be arrested if found here and the house searched for the seafarin' gent and his daughter."

The lawyer dashed over to his side, uttering language that would not look well in print. Cutcliff flashed the light of the lantern upon the spiles, but couldn't see any sign of the fugitive. Mr. Sharpley was simply in a boiling rage, and he attacked his companion for not having bound his prisoner by the hands and feet before leaving him alone in the cellar. While they were fighting it out together, Sid slipped up the steps to the barroom, shut down the trapdoor and piled two beer kegs on top of it.

"While they are waking up to the situation, and climbing out over the spiles, I'll have time to search the house for Jessie," he breathed.

Not knowing the lay of the place, Sid ran into the room next to the barroom, first of all. This was the sitting-room where the rascals had been conversing when the boy watched them through the window. Across a chair Mr. Sharpley had carelessly thrown his coat just before entering the cellar. It would have attracted but a moment's notice from Sid, but for the fact that his sharp eye caught sight of one end of Captain Gale's red pocketbook sticking out of an inner pocket. Graham pounced upon the article at once and thrust it into an inner pocket of his jacket.

Then he continued his search for the stairway to the upper regions of the building. But there was no sign of such a thing at this end of the house.

"It must be at the other end of the barroom," thought the boy, hurriedly retracing his steps.

Sure enough, when he opened a door near the further corner of the bar, he saw a dark passage and a flight of stairs. Hastily mounting the uncarpeted steps he came upon a corridor where a lonesome-looking gas-jet disclosed six doors, three on each side of the passage. One after the other he tried the knobs; the doors yielded and a hasty examination of each room showed it to be empty.

"Where can Jessie be?" Sid asked himself, in a fever of impatience.

At the far end of the corridor he came upon a narrow flight of steps communicating with an old-fashioned attic. He sprang up these, two steps at a time, in the dark, until his outstretched hands encountered a door. Striking a match he tried the knob, but found the door fastened. Then he saw that a key was in the lock. He snapped it back and the door opened. The expiring match burned his fingers and he let it fall, leaving himself in a profound gloom. He struck another match and gazed around a low-ceiled apartment, whose roof sloped to a pair of dormer windows overlooking the street. There was a rag carpet on the floor, a small bureau, wash-stand, two chairs, a little table with a red cover, and a bed. Face down across the bed lay the object of his search—Jessie Gale. Her attitude showed she had abandoned herself to grief and despair. Observing a candle on the table, Sid lit it, and then walking over to the bed laid his hand upon the girl's arm and shook her.

"Jessie—Jessie!" he cried.

She started up as in a dream, with half-parted lips, and looked at him in a dazed way.

"Don't you know me, Jessie?" he asked, eagerly.

She sprang to her feet, her lips moved, but not a sound came.

"I am Sid Graham. Your father is safe and I have come to take you to him."

She uttered a cry and seized him by the arm.

"My father! Oh, where is he?"

"Come with me and you shall see him. We haven't a moment to lose."

She burst into a passion of tears, and for the moment seemed unable to stir. Sid put his arm gently about her, led her, unresistingly, from the room, down the stairs, through the corridor, thence to the barroom, and finally into the sitting-room. Throwing up the window he looked out into the night, only to come face to face with Benjamin Cutcliff, who had just climbed upon the stringpiece outside.

CHAPTER XI.—Out of Danger at Last.

The surprise was mutual, and for an instant neither made a movement. Then Cutcliff, with an oath, made a grab at Sid. The boy evaded his clutch by springing to one side, while at the same time he struck the scoundrel a heavy blow in the face. Cutcliff slipped and only saved himself from falling into the water by catching hold of the window-sill with both of his hands. One of his feet, however, struck Mr. Sharpley, who was crawling onto the footboard behind him, a sweeping blow, which dislodged the lawyer from his perch and threw him backward into the water. He gave one gasping cry, then struck the river with a loud splash, and the water closed above his head. Cutcliff, unmindful or unconscious of the damage he had inflicted on his partner in crime, struggled to recover his foothold on the stringpiece. His repulsive countenance was distorted with passion, and what he meant to do to Sid as soon as he got his hands on him would not have been pleasant for the boy. But Sid was fully aroused to the peril of his position, and was prepared to put up the fight of his life—not only in his own behalf, but for Jessie, whose safety depended on his success. The girl, standing back in the room, watched the fight with distended and frightened eyes. Long experience with the cruel and brutal nature of Benjamin Cutcliff had brought her to look upon him with horror and loathing. Many beatings at his hands had cowed her so that she always shivered at the sound of his voice. As the ruffian, swearing frightfully, got one knee on the stringpiece, Sid struck him another blow in his unprotected face—landing on one of his blood-shot eyes. He might as well have punched a wooden man for all the effect it had on the fellow, except to increase the flow of his vile language. Cutcliff was a tough, used to taking and giving punishment in many a hard-fought scrap, and Sid's blows didn't bother him worth mentioning. With a roar of rage the scoundrel sprang up on the footboard and prepared to dash through the window, when the stringpiece, which was not strong, gave way under him and he dis-

appeared from the sight of the boy, after clutching vainly at the window-sill.

A second splash in the water showed the fate which had overtaken him.

"Come, Jessie, we must get out of here!" cried Sid, with energy. That villain will climb up again as soon as he gets his hands on the spiles. Your father is in a boat right under this room, and we must reach him somehow at once."

She allowed him to lead her into the bar-room. He pushed the beer kegs off of the trap, opened it and bade her follow him down. Reaching the cellar, which was dimly illuminated by the lantern the villains had left behind them when they took to the cross-pieces of the spiles to make their way out after they had found they were cut off from the barroom, Sid, closely followed by Jessie, went quickly to the open door and looked out.

He dimly made out a couple of dripping shadows, which he knew to be Mr. Sharpley and his ruffianly partner, shinning up the spiles near where they had fallen into the river.

"Wait here, Jessie," said Sid, "till I fetch the boat to take you off."

"You won't be long?" she asked, in quivering tones. "I'm so nervous and frightened."

"Don't worry, little girl," he replied, laying his hand on her arm, reassuringly. "The boat, with your father in it, is only a few feet away. I will have it here in a moment."

He swung himself off onto a cross-piece and she lost sight of him in the darkness. It was quite an ordeal for her, waiting there in the darkness of the open door for him to return with the boat. Only a few minutes really elapsed, but to the frightened girl it seemed endless. Just as Sid pushed the boat up alongside of the door there was a sound of heavy footsteps above, which showed that Cutcliff and Sharpley had re-entered the building. Jessie heard them, and almost collapsed at the thought that they might come into the cellar and find her standing there. Sid heard them, and he judged they would rush down into the cellar just as soon as they saw the trapdoor was open.

"Jump in, Jessie," he said, reaching up his arms to her.

"She jumped and he placed her on one of the seats.

"My father, where is he?" she cried, in an agitated voice.

"Lying on the bottom of the boat behind you."

"Oh, he is not dead—don't say he is dead!" she exclaimed, in a voice of anguish.

"No, Jessie, he is not dead," he hastened to assure her.

"But why is he so silent and motionless?" she asked. "What is the matter with him?"

"He has been drugged. I heard that big rascal say so."

"Drugged! Oh, heaven!"

"They gave him the usual knockout drops, I guess. He'll come out of his stupor after a while as well as he ever was."

"Oh, I hope so—I do hope so!" she said, plaintively. "Poor father!" and she wept softly to herself.

In the meantime Sid had guided the boat

through the small forest of spiles until he passed under the adjacent wharf. He did not intend to take the boat back of the landing where he got it, as it was too close to the "Seaman's Rest," and the captain being unconscious he would have been obliged to leave him and his daughter in the boat while he went off looking for help such as he felt he might depend on, and such a course would have left them exposed to discovery by the villains they had but just evaded.

So Sid paddled the boat slowly along with his hands until he came to the next wharf, under which he passed like he had the other dock. Coming into open water once more, he saw right before him a big bark moored to the third wharf. He decided to board her and ask the captain or the mate, whoever happened to be in charge, to receive Captain Gale and his daughter for the night. He tied the boat's painter to a spile under the bark's bowsprit, and, after telling Jessie of his intentions, clambered to the wharf and sprang aboard the vessel. A couple of sailors, smoking alongside the trail, hailed him and asked what he wanted.

"Is the captain on board?"

"Yes; he's below."

"I want to see him."

"What's your business?" asked one of the men, who happened to be the steward.

"It's important. Will you tell the captain I want to see him?"

The man hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Wait here and I'll see whether he's turned in yet."

The speaker went aft and disappeared down a short companion-way. In a few minutes he returned with another man—a short, thick-set person, with a full black beard.

"This is the cap'n," he remarked, and then re-joined his companion beside the rail.

"Well, what do you want with me?" demanded the skipper of the bark, gruffly.

Sid told him in as few words as possible what he wanted.

"You say this man is a sea captain, that he's drugged, and that his daughter is with him, in a small boat alongside the wharf?" said the skipper, incredulously.

"Yes, sir. He and I visited a place in this neighborhood called the 'Seaman's Rest,' a pretty hard resort, and we've barely escaped with our lives."

"I know the place," replied the skipper. "It's the worst hole along the docks, by long odds. How came you to go there?"

"Captain Gale wanted to find a lawyer named Sharpley, on business of great importance. I hope you won't ask me to go into particulars, as the captain and his daughter ought to be taken from the boat at once."

"Very well," acquiesced the skipper of the bark, now apparently satisfied that the boy's statement was correct. "Here, Jones, you and the steward lend this boy a hand. There's a man and a girl in a boat alongside the wharf ahead. Get them on the dock and fetch them aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

With the assistance of the two men, Captain Gale and Jessie were transferred to the deck of the bark and thence to the cabin. As soon as

Sid had provided them with a temporary asylum, he started off up the wharf to inquire his way to a police station. He was directed to one located three blocks away, and he told his story, with certain reservations, to the officer in charge. Several plain-clothes men started for the "Seaman's Rest," but when they had forced an entrance into the place they found it deserted. Samuel Sharpley and Benjamin Cutcliff, finding both the boy and Jessie Gale had managed to get away, decided that, for the present at least, the game was up, and to avoid the consequences they had brought upon themselves, they took advantage of their chance and made their escape to parts unknown.

It was after midnight when Sid left the police station. He returned to the bark and found the captain of that vessel had succeeded in bringing Captain Gale to his senses. Then Sid, with Captain Gale and his daughter, also the skipper of the bark seated in the cabin, gave a graphic account of all he had gone through that night, after which the captain and his daughter took their leave, followed shortly by Sid. The boy called at the Astor House the next day and took dinner with the Gales. During the days of that week Sid succeeded in making quite a sum of money in the stock market.

CHAPTER XII.—Jessie a Musical Wonder.

On the following Sunday, Captain Edward Gale and his daughter Jessie were invited to dinner at the Graham home. Jessie Gale captivated Sid's mother and sisters quite as much as she had impressed the young man himself. The girls declared she was just too sweet for anything. Sid made one or two mild kicks because he thought they monopolized too much of Jessie's society. However, the matter was squared by Sid sitting next to her during the meal, and he waited on her as if she was a little queen, receiving many sly digs from his sisters as to his lack of appetite, and so forth. Of course, Captain Gale had a great deal to say about the boy who had twice saved his life, and declared he was the finest lad he had ever met.

"You must be proud of such a son, Mrs. Graham," he said, beaming on Sid's sweet-faced mother.

And Mrs. Graham asked how could she be otherwise.

"And you, Captain Gale, you must be equally as proud of your lovely daughter," she added, with a smile.

"Proud of her, ma'am!" he exclaimed, with an affectionate glance at Jessie, who sat on his left. "There aren't enough words in the English language to express my feelings. Just think, I've been away from her eight years. Eight long years, six of which I passed in solitary exile, as it were, on an uncharted island in the Indian Ocean. And till that time I was presumed to be dead—to have gone to the bottom with my ship, which had been struck by a simoon. Jessie never expected to see me again. Mrs. Graham, you haven't the faintest idea what the dear child suffered at the hands of a scoundrel whose

duty it was to protect and bring her up as her station in life entitled her to."

"It was very sad," admitted Sid's mother. "But now let us hope her trials are all over. Are you going to take her with you on your next voyage?"

"Such at present is my intention, Mrs. Graham. I don't think I could bear to leave her behind me."

A very pleasant evening was spent under the Graham roof-tree on this delightful occasion. The Graham girls played the piano and sang a duet together, and then Jessie, after some persuasion, was induced to take her seat at the instrument. She had been instructed by an expert, whom drink had brought down in the world. This man picked up a living among the dives of Jersey City as a free-and-easy pianist. He was a wonder in his way, and could make the piano talk. Cutcliff had given him free lodging and all he could drink in exchange for piano lessons for Jessie, and as the girl possessed a musical nature she soon made rapid progress under his tutorship. He also trained her voice in a small way, as Cutcliff wanted her to amuse his rough-and-ready patrons with the topical songs of the day.

Jessie sang several of the popular vaudeville gems and played a number of her tutor's striking selections, imparting to them the same brilliancy of touch that distinguished her instructor. Her father, who had had no idea of her proficiency in this direction, sat in his chair like one entranced, watching her swiftly moving fingers as they flashed with wonderful dexterity and grace over the ivory keys, and hanging spell-bound upon the notes which flowed from her lips—now sweet and tender, anon lively and sparkling, like bubbling champagne. In fact, her execution astonished the entirely Graham family, while her singing captivated them.

The day that the ship Fleetwing was docked at a South street wharf, preparatory to unloading her cargo of East Indian products, Sid Graham sold his 400 shares of M. C. at a profit of \$28 per share, or \$11,000 in all. He now had \$23,600 to his credit in bank. When he showed Edna Jackson his check the day he received it by mail from his broker, she nearly fell off her chair.

"I've read in story-books about boys making a lot of money in this scheme and that," she said, "but I never dreamed I should run across a real live boy who could do the same thing. It seems to me, Sidney Graham, no matter what you take hold of you're bound to win."

"Sure thing. That's what I'm in business for."

"I don't think there's another boy like you in New York," she said, admiringly.

"That's a compliment, for a fact. Will you permit me to blow you off to a real Delmonico lunch this time?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered, hastily. "Wouldn't I look a sight marching into that tony establishment with my working garments on. If you're so very anxious to spend some of your wealth on me," she laughed, roguishly, "we'll go where we went before."

"All right, Edna. You're the doctor."

"Do you know, Sid, I'm just dying to see your new friend Jessie Gale."

"Is that a fact?" he asked, with a grin.

"Yes. Your mother and the girls say she's the dearest thing on earth."

"If she isn't, I don't know where you'll find one."

"Oh, my; you say that so earnestly that I'm afraid it's a case of spoons with you in that direction."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Sid, flushing to his temples. "A fellow can admire a girl without being stuck on her, can't he?"

"After what you have done for both her and her father, I shouldn't be surprised if Jessie and you made a match of it."

"I wouldn't run away with that idea in your head. You might be disappointed."

"Wouldn't that be dreadful!" she laughed, tantalizingly.

"Not half as dreadful as if you should happen to marry that dude, Chester Hay, who's calling on you pretty regularly, I understand."

"The ideal!" gasped Edna, with a rosy laugh. "What's the matter with Mr. Hay? His mother says he's the flower of the family."

"I guess that's right," grinned Sid. "I've heard several people call him a blooming idiot."

"Sidney Graham, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" cried the girl, with a trace of indignation in her voice.

"Well, I'll tell you something about that bracelet he presented you with. He got it of a Maiden Lane jeweler."

"How do you know where he bought it?" she asked, with a toss of the head.

"I was in the store buying something for mother and the girls when he came in. He asked to see some bracelets, selected the one I've seen you wear at our house, and then said to the salesman: 'Are you sure it's made of refined gold? Because, don'tcher know, I detest anything that isn't refined.'"

"Sid Graham, I won't speak to you for a whole week, so there!"

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, confidently. "Aren't you going to lunch with me in five minutes?"

"Well, you oughtn't to talk that way about Mr. Hay," with a pout.

"What shall I say about him to please you? That he's the most immaculate of all the clerks in Wall Street?"

"That's better."

"He's the best-dressed employee in the financial district, I guess. I heard a broker say he was so immaculate that he didn't believe there was anything on his mind, even."

Edna grabbed her ruler, but Sid fled to the reception-room to wait till she had put on her hat and coat.

CHAPTER XIII.—Love's Young Dream.

On the first of the month Sid Graham left the employ of Page & Bacon. He gave them a week's notice of his intention, and Mr. Page expressed regret at losing his valuable services. Edna Jackson was very sorry to see him go. It had been his original intention to get another position, but his success in working the stock market, and possession of a capital of \$23,000 odd, decided him to set up in business for himself. He

knew he couldn't expect to get more than \$10 a week working for somebody else, and he believed he could do better than that hustling for himself. He might be young, but he had a bright head on his shoulders. He was well acquainted with the ins and outs of Wall Street, and with the methods of the brokers who did business on the Stock Exchange, so he felt confident he could hoe his own row without anybody's help.

"A fellow doesn't get rich these strenuous times renting his gray matter out for small wages," he said to himself. "I've made \$12,000 of my capital since the Fourth of July by using my brains. That ought to be some evidence that I have ability. At any rate, I'm going to branch out on my own hook and see what I can do. I don't expect to do any business to speak of for some little time, but I'm going to let people around this neighborhood know I'm alive. I'm young and can afford to wait. When a boy like me sets out with the determination to succeed, he's bound to win in the end."

So Sid hired a small office up on the tenth floor of a Broad street building, and hung out his shingle—that is, he had his name and calling lettered on the ground-glass front of his office door as follows:

SIDNEY GRAHAM
Stocks and Bonds.

He regarded it with complacency, and no longer looked upon himself as a boy. He furnished his office with a neat rug, a roll-top desk, three chairs, and hung a map of the financial district and several steel engravings on the walls. Then he had a small safe put in to make it look more business-like, though he really had nothing to put in it. The next thing he did was to subscribe for a couple of Wall Street papers—one a daily—and to purchase a number of books and pamphlets he needed in his business. After that he went to a stationer and printer in the same block, purchased the necessary stationery and books, and gave an order for cards, memorandums and letter-heads to be printed with his name, business and address upon them.

"That's off my mind. Now I'll go down and pay a visit to the Fleetwing."

Whether he was particularly anxious to see Captain Gale or not we cannot say, but the fact that he was sure to meet Jessie Gale aboard probably had a bearing on the case. The captain and his daughter, with the chief mate, were just sitting down to dinner when he arrived on deck, and, of course, a place was at once made for him at the table.

"I'm mighty glad you turned up, Sid. We were just talking about you."

"Well, you see, I had nothing particular to do this afternoon, so I thought I'd come down and see you."

"That's right," said the captain. "You're as welcome as the flowers in May."

"Thanks. I've just hired and furnished an office on Broad street and gone into business for myself," said Sid, after the soup-plates had been removed and a joint of roast mutton had been brought in by the steward.

The master of the ship and his daughter looked up in surprise.

"Have you actually done that?" asked Captain Gale.

"Yes, sir. I've done so well working side issues during the last six months that I've concluded I'd only be wasting my time devoting my energies to the benefit of other people at a comparatively insignificant wage. If there's anything in me I went to reap the full benefit myself. That's the only way to get ahead in life."

"I think you're right, Sid. At any rate, I'm willing to believe, from what I've seen of you, that you're fully capable of making your own way in the world. You'll be a rich man some day."

"I hope so, sir. Riches are not everything in this life, I know, but it's a very comfortable reflection to feel that one is well off. It takes off the rough edge, don't you know?"

"Well, I hope you'll let me be your first customer," said the captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I should be glad to have you," replied the boy, in some surprise. "Are you really thinking of taking a shy at the market?"

"Oh, no; but I dare say you can be of great assistance to me in placing the \$50,000 I have recovered from Page & Bacon, as well as the balance of the money due me when it shall have been collected by my lawyer."

"Yes, sir, I think I can. It would give me a great deal of pleasure to help you in any way I can."

"I'm sure of that, my dear boy. You are fairly well acquainted with the best securities dealt in in Wall Street, I dare say."

"I am. Page & Bacon do a considerable business in that line, and I was with them nearly two years."

"Well, I want you to submit to me a list of gilt-edge bonds, other than Governments, which, in your opinion, would offer a good investment for my money. I have \$50,000 to start you off with, and I shall instruct my lawyer to pay over to you the money as he collects it from Page & Bacon, and which I shall look to you to invest for me according to your best judgment. As I shall probably be away on my next voyage at least eighteen months, you will have to collect the interest as it becomes due and payable and deposit it in a safe bank to my credit."

"You show a good deal of confidence in me, Captain Gale," said Sid, almost overpowered by this evidence of the captain's regard for him.

"My dear boy, I haven't the slightest hesitation in trusting you with the care of every dollar I possess in the world. I know you are honest as the day is long. My property will be just as safe in your keeping as if locked up in a safe on board this ship."

"I thank you, Captain Gale, for this expression of your good opinion of me," replied Sid, gratefully. "You may be sure I will lose my life before I would do anything to forfeit your confidence."

After dinner Sid sat on the quarter-deck with Jessie until the afternoon sun sank out of sight and the shadows began to render distant objects indistinct. They seemed to be very happy and contented in each other's society.

"So you are really going to sea with your

father on his next voyage, are you, Jessie?" he asked, earnestly.

"Yes," she answered softly, looking down at the deck.

"Yes," she answered, again.

"I hope you will think of me sometimes while you are away, Jessie," he said, taking her fingers in his.

She made no reply, but her face flushed, and the tears started into her eyes.

"You don't answer. Am I expecting too much of you, Jessie?"

As she still remained silent, Sid looked into her sweet face and saw that her lips were quivering. He could feel her hand tremble in his.

"I shall miss you very much," he said, gently.

His arm stole about her waist.

"I have learned to care a great deal for you, from the very moment I saw you spring into your father's arm in the barroom of the 'Seaman's Rest.' I know you were a good girl, and I felt ready to go through fire and water, if need be, for your sake as well as for you father's."

"Oh, Sid!"

And as her head drooped Sid Graham drew her lithe form unresistingly to him, and then, how he came to muster up courage to do it he never knew, he lifted her face to his and—kissed her.

"Do you really care for me a little bit, Jessie?" he asked, as his breath fanned her golden ringlets.

"You know I do, Sid."

"And you promise not to forget me when you are hundreds of miles away?"

She buried her face on his shoulder. He accepted that as a favorable answer.

"And some day when we are both a little older you are going to me by little wife, aren't you?"

There was a pause. He lifted her head and looked down into her beautiful eyes.

"Am I asking too much?"

"No, Sid. I promise. I love you with all my heart."

Was he satisfied? Well, says!

CHAPTER XIV.—Sid Gets In On the Ground Floor.

Sid's first callers at his Broad street office were his mother and sisters, whose curiosity could not be satisfied until they had come downtown to see his sheep-shearing den, as he called it.

"What a delightfully cosy little place you have!" exclaimed Maud Graham.

"It is just too nice for anything," agreed her sister Millie.

"You are quite a man of business, aren't you?" went on Maud. "It's a pity you haven't a mustache, Sid. You do look so young for a real broker."

"Oh, come now, Maud, you can't expect a fellow to have everything all at once," protested Sid.

"I'm glad you have three chairs, at any rate," laughed Millie, "or one of us would have been obliged to roost on your safe."

"No reflections, please," chuckled her brother.

"Certainly not. I leave that to the looking-glass."

"How bright we are all at once!"

"Just like the morning, why don't you say while you're about it?"

"I'm afraid you're taking the shine out of me, as the sun said to the moon during a total eclipse."

"Oh, my, how smart!"

Just then there was a knock on the door. Sid walked over and opened it. Captain Gale and Jessie walked in.

"You've got a full house," laughed the captain, after he and his daughter had shaken hands all around and expressed the pleasure they felt in meeting Mrs. Graham and the girls once more.

"Yes. I don't think I could squeeze many more in here," grinned Sid.

Maud perched herself on the window-sill and Millie climbed onto the safe so the captain and Jessie could sit down.

"We came down to see my son's office," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, with a smile.

"He's got a nice little one," said Captain Gale, looking around the little room.

"A sort of sky parlor," put in Sid.

"Do you think anybody will come away up here to do business with you?" asked Maud, laughingly.

"I'm not worrying about that just yet."

"Well, I've come up here to do a little business with him, so it is possible others will as soon as he becomes known," said the captain.

"Well, if you've come to talk business," said Maud, "I guess we'll take our leave."

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," interposed her brother.

"Oh, we've seen all there is to be seen. Now we can rest easy."

"Won't you come up and spend the day with us, Jessie?" asked Mrs. Graham. "Sid will take you home this evening."

Jessie looked at her father.

"Go right along, Jessie, if you want to."

"Now, Captain Gale, you'll let her stay all night with us, won't you?" asked Maud, coaxingly. "Sid will escort her back to your ship in the morning when he comes down to business."

"Won't you come to dinner yourself, Captain Gale?" said Mrs. Graham.

The captain, however, declared that he would like to accept the invitation, but he had business aboard the Fleetwing which prevented him availing himself of the pleasure. He had no objection, however, to his daughter staying with the Grahams overnight. Mrs. Graham and the girls stayed a little while longer; then they took their departure, carrying Jessie with them. As soon as Sid and the captain were alone together, the boy produced a list of first-class securities, and they went over them carefully. Sid explaining the advantages of each in turn. Captain Gale picked out a first, second and third choice, drew his check for \$50,000 to the boy's order, and told him to make the purchases. Sid suggested that the captain rent a box in a safe deposit vault, where all his securities could be locked up.

"You can arrange with the officers to have me recognized as your representative, with authority to have access to your box while you're away, so that I can cut off the coupons and collect the interest."

This was perfectly satisfactory to the master

of the Fleetwing, and the plan was immediately carried out. Sid had his lunch about two o'clock and then went directly to his office, where he busied himself with stock market reports and financial news in a Wall Street newspaper. At four o'clock he shut up his desk, put on his hat and overcoat and left his office for the day. While he was waiting for the elevator two gentlemen, one of whom he recognized as a well-known broker, came up and stopped near him. Sid, however, happened to be standing in the shadow of a big marble column which ran up to the ceiling between two of the elevators, and his presence was apparently unnoticed by the newcomers. They were talking very earnestly as they came up, and Sid heard the broker say:

"I tell you, Edward, you can't make any mistake if you put all you can beg, borrow or steal into C. & O. right away. The stock is certain to boom before Saturday, because what I've just told you about the long-contemplated merger will be public property by this time to-morrow, and just as soon as the news is confirmed there'll be a rush for the stock. It will be a case where everybody will suddenly discover they want to get in on the ground floor, or as near that as possible, and you know what that will mean. The stock is selling now at the lowest figure in years. The people on the inside have already started their brokers to pick up all in sight. If you are going to take advantage of this pointer I'm giving you, why, you've no time to lose."

Just then the elevator came rushing down and stopped at the floor. The two gentlemen immediately boarded it, but Sid never stirred. The iron door slammed and the cage went on down. Sid then returned to his office and sat down to think the matter out. He had heard every word the broker said, and the value of the pointer impressed him considerably. Taking up the latest edition of the Daily Wall Street News he saw that C. & O. was quoted at 63, which was an exceptionally low price for the stock.

"By George! I believe I have stumbled on to the chance of my life—at any rate, I am satisfied I have caught on to a good thing. I should be a fool to let such luck get by me. I can easily put up a ten per cent. margin on 3,500 shares. Well, if the stock is to be got I'm going to get it. If it only goes up 3 points I shall be in line to clear \$10,000. That would pay all my office expenses for a year. You can bet your life I'm in on this deal for all I'm worth."

And he was, for next morning he went to the bank where his money was on deposit and arranged with the gentleman whose business it was to make purchases of stock through the bank's brokers for customers of the bank, to buy for him 3,500 shares of C. & O. at 63. The required amount was secured in small lots before noon, and the bank notified to that effect, which in turn duly informed Sid that his order had been carried out, and that the stock would be held subject to his instructions.

CHAPTER XV.—How, In the End, Pluck and Ambition Is Bound to Win.

Sid had once more acquired a personal interest in the market, and he watched C. & O. with a feverish interest. He also scanned the papers

closely for some official intelligence as to the completion of the long-distance merger of a branch railroad to the coal fields which the management of C. & O. had so far failed to bring to a head. From what he had heard the broker say to his friends he believed the deal had been put through at last, and that the news was being held back as long as possible to enable those on the inside to prepare to reap a golden harvest. And he was right. The early editions of the afternoon papers on the day he bought the stock printed the news and predicted a boom in C. & O. in consequence.

Next morning the stock opened at 64 3-8, and the brokers had buying orders for it by the wholesale. While Sid was hugging himself over his good luck, a man from the district-attorney's office in Jersey City walked into his office and served him with a subpoena to appear and testify at the trial of Samuel Sharples, slated for the following Monday. He immediately put on his hat and coat and started for South street. On boarding the Fleetwing he found, as he supposed, that Captain Gale and Jessie had been similarly served.

"We'll all go over together," said the captain. "There isn't much doubt that my late wife's half-brother will be convicted of the crime charged against him. He will, in all probability, serve the rest of his natural life in State's prison."

When Sid, accompanied by the captain and his daughter, started for Jersey City on Monday morning, he was feeling in excellent spirits, for C. & O. stock, in which he had such a vital interest, had gone up to 70, an advance of 7 points above what the boy had bought it for. The trial of Lawyer Sharples resulted, as was expected, in his conviction, and the judge handed out to him the extreme penalty of the law—twenty years. Next day he put on a striped suit at the Trenton Penitentiary, and thereafter became dead to the world. Singular to relate, the evening papers of the same day announced the killing of Benjamin Cutcliff in a low Philadelphia rum-hole, by a companion, with whom he had engaged in a quarrel. Thus the community was well rid of two conscienceless rascals, whose operations had long kept the police of Jersey City on tenterhooks.

By this time the Fleetwing had discharged all her cargo, and was beginning to load for Calcutta. As often as he felt he could afford to sneak away from his Broad street office, Sid made a bee-line for the vessel. He hated to think that he would soon have to part from Jessie Gale, and that he could hardly expect to see her again for the better part of two years. One day, when C. & O. stock had reached 82, and Sid felt particularly good over the prospects of a still higher rise in the road's securities, he went down to the ship, buttonholed Captain Gale, and, taking the bull by the horns, so to speak, frankly told the shipmaster what his sentiments were toward his daughter, and what Jessie's were toward himself and asked for a verdict. He got it, and it was as favorable as he could have expected. The captain said he had no objection to him as a prospective son-in-law; in fact, was rather pleased to regard him in that light.

"It will be eighteen months before you young people will meet again—it may even be as long

as two years. Jessie will then be seventeen, and you will have cast your first vote. If you are both still of the same mind, I shall offer no objection to your marriage."

"Thank you, sir. I am perfectly satisfied," and he went off to find Jessie and tell her what her father had said about their future."

It was a sad night for both when the inevitable parting came. The Fleetwing was anchored in the upper bay near the entrance to the "Narrows," and was to sail at four in the morning for the East Indies. Sid had come down to Staten Island by ferry and hired a boat to take him out to the ship.

"Good-by, little sweetheart," he said, when the time came for him to take his leave. "Two years isn't so very long, after all, but you may be certain you will be in my thoughts every hour of the time."

"You won't let any other girl take you away from me, will you, Sid? Promise me that, for I love you with all my heart, and I shall want to die if I lost you."

Of course he promised to be faithful and true, and a few minutes later he tore himself away and went over the ship's side. He felt rather broke up over this separation from Jessie, but it was unavoidable, and like the sensible fellow he was he put the best face on the matter. If there was one thing that helped to take the keen edge off the parting pain it was the thought that that day he had sold his C. & O. holdings at a profit of \$40 and a fraction a share, and had reaped a profit of \$140,000. Altogether he was now worth \$164,000, and could reasonably be regarded as rich. He set aside the sum of \$5,000 to buy a house out of town for his mother and sisters and, of course, himself to live in. This he proposed to attend to in the spring, and in due time carried out his plans.

By that time he had become pretty well known as a smart young broker, and business gradually began to come his way, especially after he moved to a more commodious office on a lower floor of the Broad street building. One morning, a year and ten months from the day the Fleetwing sailed out of New York harbor, she was reported in the Herald's maritime intelligence as having just arrived at Quarantine. Sid at once hired a tug to take him down to her.

He found a very beautiful young lady aboard of her who answered to the name of Jessie Gale, and the meeting of the two sweethearts was a matter of decided interest to themselves. That Sidney Graham nor Jessie Gale had not changed their minds in relation to each other was demonstrated six weeks later, when a minister of the Gospel joined them together in the bonds of matrimony. Sid presented his bride with a check for \$100,000, and the title deeds of a beautiful suburban home which had cost him \$15,000. He had become rich entirely by his own business sagacity, and any boy possessing the pluck and ambition of Sidney Graham is, nine times out of ten, Bound to Win.

Next week's issue will contain "PUSHING IT THROUGH; or, THE FATE OF A LUCKY BOY."

CURRENT NEWS

GREATEST GOLD MINE

The world's greatest gold mine, located at Timmins, Ont., 500 miles north of Toronto, has an average output of 120,000 tons of ore per month, from which is refined \$1,000,000 worth of gold.

WHERE SEA IS DEEPEST

The greatest known depth of the sea is said to be 32,088 feet, about forty miles north of one of the Philippine Islands. At this point the ocean bottom would be about eleven and a half miles lower than the top of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain.

LAKE ITASCA

Lake Itasca, the farthest source of the Mississippi, is in Beltrami and Cass counties, in the northern part of Minnesota. It was first seen by William Morrison, a fur trader, in 1804, and was

explored by Henry R. Schoolsraft in 1832. It is the first considerable gathering of the farthestmost streams which form the great river; one of the streams which flows into the west arm of the lake being of sufficient volume to have been given the name, "Infant Mississippi." Lake Itasca is a giant among the small ponds around it, but having an area of only 1,130 acres, one and three-quarter square miles. It is composed of a center running east and west about a mile. The width of the lake varies from one-sixth to three-fourths of a mile, its depth ranges from four to sixty feet. The basin in which it lies has been made into a national park containing 30.78 square miles. The so-called "Glazier Lake" of some maps is merely an old bay partially filled up, and its discoverer's claim that it is the true source of the Mississippi has been completely refuted by an investigation made by the State of Minnesota.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, No. 146

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Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

Andy dragged his down into the garden and wound up before the door of a little building, which proved to be a toolhouse.

It was impossible for Arthur to get on his feet, when the hunchback let go his hold to open the door, but he felt for his revolver, as he could not tell what was going to happen next.

It was gone! It had slipped out of his pocket. He was helpless in the madman's hands.

He put up an appeal to Andy, but all in vain. He was dragged into the toolhouse and the door was locked.

"Merciful heaven, what if he turns on Edna?" thought Arthur, as he made an effort to get on his feet; on his knees he did succeed in getting, but he could not force the door.

Meanwhile, things were happening outside.

First it was a wild shout from the hunchback.

"Keep off!" Arthur heard him yell. "Keep off! I am armed! I'll kill you if you come nearer."

This was in English, but an answering shout came in Spanish, which Arthur did not understand, and following the shout were four shots.

Silence for a short time followed. Then what Arthur dreaded most was heard.

It was Edna's scream for help.

"Oh, Juan! Save me!" he heard her cry. Again she screamed—he could not catch the words.

It was agony for the imprisoned boy, but there was no help for it. He could do nothing.

Hours passed—hours of silence. Arthur still remained a prisoner.

At last came a more welcome sound. It was the clattering of the old car, and he realized that Jack and the Unknown had returned.

Arthur now yelled for all he was worth, but apparently his cries were not heard—it was quite a little distance to the house.

"What shall I ever do?" he thought. "Oh, if I could only force the door!"

Again and again he had tried it, and he tried it still again now, but all to no purpose, Nemo and Jack were going through the house.

Little had been said. Jack hesitated to intrude his own anxiety upon the Unknown, who had scarcely spoken a word.

The lower floor fully covered, Nemo said:

"Jack, my boy, the worst has happened. This is indeed a carnival of death. It began last night. Here is it to end?"

"Last night, sir?" exclaimed Jack, remembering the cry of murder.

"Even so, but in that death my poor daughter, as well as myself, could only rejoice."

"It is needless for me to say I don't understand you, sir."

"Certainly not. How can you? Doubtless you heard her cries, poor soul."

"I did, indeed, sir."

"Follow me, boy. This is the last hope. If my daughter is not there, then she has fallen into the hands of those ungrateful wretches, for I can no longer doubt that my Mestizos are at the bottom of this miserable affair. As for Dr. Glick, I now fear he has met with poor Andy's fate."

He opened a door, revealing a narrow staircase.

"You will soon know all my secrets," he sighed. "Last night I considered this the saddest of all. But Edna! That is the worst!"

"Heaven defend the poor girl," murmured Jack, as he started to follow Nemo up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Arthur was again yelling in the tool-house.

Now, suddenly, he heard some one at the door.

He ceased his cries instantly, for something seemed to tell him that it was neither Nemo nor Jack.

A key was turned in the lock, and the door swung back, revealing Pedro!

The house of the Unknown was, as has been mentioned, a long, low frame building, but one-story in height, except for a central section, where there were two.

It was to this upper story that Jack now ascended. Nemo walked with a heavy tread along a broad passage, halting at one of the four doors which opened upon it.

"I dread to open," he murmured. "If the dear girl is not here, then——"

His sentence was completed by a sob, but he flung back the door.

Behind it was a second door of iron bars.

"As I thought. Not here!" he groaned. "May heaven preserve the poor girl! As for me, I am justly punished for forcing her to spend her life with such people. Look here, Jack! Here, last night in this room, the carnival of death began."

There was no furniture of any sort in the room, but a large mattress, on which lay the dead body of a woman well advanced in years.

"My sister," said Nemo. "Years older than myself. She passed away last night. Heaven grant that at last she has found rest and peace."

"You have my full sympathy, sir," answered Jack, not knowing what to say.

"It is not needed," replied the Unknown. "She had been violently insane for years. We had to keep her chained up here most of the time, lest she injure herself or others."

"She died naturally?"

"Oh, yes. She has been growing weaker for some time. Her death was not unexpected. She knew nobody, poor soul. Strange, most strange that she and the wretch who wrecked her life should die on the same day."

"Meaning Sanders?" asked Jack.

"Even so, my boy. He was her husband."

He closed the door and started along the passage.

"These other rooms," suggested Jack. "Miss Edna might be in one of them."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

SMOKE SCREENS USED AS AID FOR PLANES

The smoke screen, long used as a protective device for battleships, now becomes a menace to them, according to authorities of the United States Air Service. A screen spread above a fleet of battleships by special smoke-emitters attached to fast small planes makes it impossible for the approach of the aerial bomb fleet to be observed. This enables the attacking planes to fly low, when with sensitive finders they pick up the doomed battleship by sound, adjust their aim and loose the bomb in safety except for the possibility of a chance shot fired blindly against the pall of smoke by the anti-aircraft guns on the ship below.

It is a strange thing to find the screen employed as a weapon of offense against the very craft which originally produced it as a defensive measure.

\$10 SHRINKS TO \$4.80 AFTER CIRCLING GLOBE

Ten dollars carried around the world and turned into the currency of each country through which it passes will be discovered to have shrunk during the process when it is turned back into United States dollars at the end of its journey.

Frank S. Gaines, Vice President of the California Corrugated Culvert Company, made the experiment, starting with a \$10 gold note which, after being exchanged into nineteen different currencies, realized a meagre \$3.90 on his return. To this sum, bank authorities say, should be added ninety cents, the interest that the note would have earned at 6 per cent. if it had not been lying idle during the year and a half that made up the trip. This would bring a total of \$4.80.

Mr. Gaines kept the note apart from his expense money and on arriving in London turned it into pounds sterling. His next stop was Amsterdam. Here he exchanged the pounds for Dutch currency. And so on for nineteen moves. Mr. Gaines went to Paris, to Cairo, to Bombay, to the Malay countries, to China, to Manila, to Japan. Sometimes he stopped at a country for a second visit. And at every stop the sum held apart from the rest of his funds was exchanged to the currency of the place at varying rates. His final stop before sailing for home was Yokohama. Here the equivalent of the note became Japanese yen. These yen, valued at 46½ per cent. on his arrival in San Francisco, realized him \$3.90.

Juggling in foreign exchange may be all very well for an indoor sport, but Mr. Gaines has proved that, taken too literally, it becomes a losing proposition. Pounds and francs and gilders; rupees, piastes and yen, ticals, pesos and Straits dollars cannot be jumbled at random, he knows, to the advantage of America's yellowback.

LIVE CATS AT 5 CENTS

When cats become so boisterous that people living within a stone's throw of the waterfront

can't hear the harbor tugs on a foggy night it is a situation that calls for drastic action, so decided the Bowling Green Association, whose residents live on the lower tip of Manhattan Island.

Bowling Green has been suffering from an epidemic of cats, like all other sections of the city, but the fresh sea air down there seems to agree with them and give force to their expression. Lusty night workers, they are, that refuse to be dispersed when the old lady in white comes to the window and spills a pitcher full of water upon them, and are equally impervious to the milk bottles and epithets of the man of the house.

The association, blinded by desperation, has offered a reward of five cents for every cat delivered to its offices at 45 West street. The offer has appealed to small boys and they have been flocking to Bowling Green in such numbers that its residents now fear they may become a greater nuisance than the cats.

The association held a meeting recently and several members spoke eloquently of what a nice neighborhood they will have when all the cats are gone. It was reported that during the first day of the campaign the boys turned in twenty-two live cats. They were alive for two reasons. First, because the association will not pay the reward if they are dead, and second, because the boys refuse to kill a cat nine times for a nickel.

The crusade is being directed by William B. Hennessey, recreation secretary. When all the cats are rounded up they will be turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with the request that that organization forget all about what its name implies.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

BRITISH EMPIRE WIRELESS PLANS

Recent statements of the British Postmaster General indicate that a solution has been found to the problems connected with the establishments of the British Empire wireless chain. Not all points connected with the issuance of wireless licenses have been disposed of, but there is every indication that the Government has adopted a policy which will permit private radio companies to establish high-power stations both in the United Kingdom and in the colonies. At the same time the post-office will proceed with its own plans for a high-power station in England. The new post-office station will be located near Rugby, a site with an area of 800 acres.

HIGH-POWER RADIO STATION

Work has been started on a new 100-kilowatt radio station at Rakavica, about four kilometers from the Serbian capital, and on a receiving station at Laudon Trench, a suburb of that city. The station is being built by the French Wireless Telegraph Company and the total expense is estimated at about \$402,800. On its completion the entire installation will be taken over by the State. The operating personnel will become employees of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, the company maintaining one engineer as a technical adviser. This particular station will be the first high-power radio installation in the Balkans, and because of the greatly increased facilities which it will afford for the dissemination of news and the rapid dispatch of information, it should soon become well-known internationally.

MINIATURE TRANSMITTERS

Users of regenerative radio receivers should be careful in regulating the filament current of the detector tube of their receiving sets.

A regenerative receiver acts as a miniature transmitting set and a great deal of troublesome and needless interference can be created in the neighborhood by a user of this type of receiver who is not acquainted with facts regarding their operation.

The howling noises sometimes heard on a receiver are in many cases due to improperly adjusted regenerative sets.

Much of this interference can be eliminated by burning the filament on the detector tube at a brilliancy no higher than is necessary to receive the signal desired. Users of this type of equipment after tuning in their station should reduce the filament current to this limit. By observing this rule not only will the life of tubes be prolonged, but receiving conditions will be made much better for neighbors who may be trying to tune in at the same time.

HOME-MADE PARTS

There are some things that you cannot make at home for your radio set.

In the first place, home-made variocouplers, variometers, variable condensers and such articles are not easy to make, and far better results will

be forthcoming if these parts are bought outright. Thousands of the younger fans, though, cannot afford to pay three or four dollars for such instruments, and insist on making their own. It is ticklish work, though, and some mechanical skill is required to get a good instrument.

The things that you cannot make, though, are head receivers, audio frequency transformers and home-made battery chargers. They can be made in a machine shop if the radio fan has sufficient data to go on, but a pair of receivers or an amplifying transformer will never be as satisfactory as one that has been purchased. Usually it is a waste of time and money to even attempt to make such instruments.

The battery charger may be made at home if the fan knows something about electricity, but it is certainly most inadvisable in most cases and may result in a fire or even injury to the fan. It is best not to even think of making such an affair.

PUSH-PULL AMPLIFIER

The desire of radio followers to obtain clearer reception and to eliminate distortion, especially from loud speakers, has stimulated interest in the push-pull amplifier. This system employs two vacuum tubes connected together in one stage of amplification so that one tube operates while the other is inoperative. The action is similar to a two-cylinder engine in which the flywheel receives a push from the second cylinder at the moment the first cylinder is not in position to be effective.

In a push-pull amplifier the two grids are connected to the secondary of a push-pull transformer. This method of wiring makes the grids oppose each other, so when one grid is positive the other will be negative. One grid assists the flow of electrons to the plate of the tube in which it is located and the other grid impedes the electron flow. Therefore, constant tube action causes less distortion and a well-balanced output under complete control. Push-pull transformers differ from audio amplifying transformers and are now made by several manufacturers. The system requires a "C" battery of about 1.1-2 to 7 volts to maintain a negative bias on the grid. Flashlight cells are used for the "C" battery.

Push-pull transmitters were originally developed for telephone use and later for loud-speaking systems. When this form of amplification was first used in radio transmitting equipment the transmitter had a button on each side of its diaphragm. The plate of one tube was connected to the other tube to the second button. When the diaphragm vibrated to produce sound it pushed one button and at the same time pulled the other. Thus it was called a push-pull system.

The main advantage of the push-pull amplification is maximum sound from the loud speaker with minimum distortion. The two tubes connected in the stage have a balancing effect between them, making it possible to get more energy out of each tube. Three times more volume can be had with

a push-pull amplifier than with a standard two-stage audio amplifier.

NEW IDEAS FOR GROUNDS

Three methods have been introduced during recent years with a view to minimizing ground losses, namely, the multiple antenna of Alevander-son, which is employed at Radio Central; the powerful multiple transmitter station of the Radio Corporation of America; the ground screen installed at several of the Marconi stations, and the multiple ground system in use at Sainte-Assise and being installed at Nauen. The first-named is applicable to very long aerials at a medium height, and especially to those of the T or inverted L type. It really reduces it to a number of smaller aerials connected in parallel and the paths of the ground currents are greatly reduced. The ground system of each one of the multiple aerials has still to be properly designed and may involve either of the other methods. The ground screen is a development of the insulated counterpoise, the wires being so spaced and arranged that they practically screen the ground from the electric field of the aerial. The introduction of the ground screen has reduced the ground resistance of the stations where it has been installed to a fraction of the previous value, with a corresponding increase in the efficiency. The multiple ground system, on the other hand, consists in distributing under the aerial a large number of ground plates or pins, the currents from which are brought back to the transmitter station by means of overhead wires. The French engineers at Sainte-Assise have fitted up both types, so as to compare the relative merits of the ground screen and the multiple ground system. It appears that they have decided on the latter, the reasons being given that the ground screen is expensive and that the large number of wires with their supports and insulators make it difficult to carry out work on the aerial. They consider that equally good results can be obtained by the multiple ground system.

ABOUT CONDENSERS

There is no more important unit in a radio receiver than the variable condenser, yet it is the one with which the public has been most consistently "gyped" by the unscrupulous "fly by night" manufacturer. Unless it is very carefully designed and constructed, the variable condenser will completely wreck even the most efficient circuits.

The majority of the cheap variable condensers available on the market suffer from a number of ills, any one of which is fatal. Their plates are too thin, and easily bend out of alignment, with the result that they short circuit at certain settings, or else they are so badly spaced that there is not an even and steady variation of capacity when they are adjusted.

Another bad feature is the losses sustained through bad insulation of the rotor from the stator plates. In condensers which use metal end plates it is extremely important that the bushing in which the rotor shaft revolves be constructed of the highest grade of hard rubber possible. The best arrangement of course is hard rubber and plates.

There are two forms of contact with the rotor places, one by means of a spring rubbing contact, and the other with a flexible joint. Of the two, the latter is by far the most positive and the most efficient. A bad rubbing contact is the cause of more losses in a condenser than anything else.

In many of the condensers of the latter type, the only contact arrangement allowed for the rotor plates is a metal extension which fits around the shaft of the rotor plates underneath the locking nut. Where the mechanical design is not absolutely accurate it is quite possible that a distinct "open" will be experienced at different points in the setting of the condenser.

The best possible condenser design is one whereby there are positive stops provided in such manner that when the rotor plates are completely meshed inside the stationary plates they cannot be turned any further in the same direction, and correspondingly there is a stop which prevents any further movement when the plates are entirely outside the stator plates.

With such a condenser it is possible to solder a flexible copper gauze wire connection to the shaft. The other end of this flexible connector is joined to the binding post provided to enable the user to wire the condenser into his set. This type has a minimum of losses.

The majority of trouble causes in receivers can be traced to bad variable condensers. This is particularly true of sets which are very broad in tuning. It is not possible to get good selectivity with condensers which are inefficiently designed.

Another difficulty that will invariably result from badly constructed condensers is variable signal strength in the receivers. This is, of course, due to the bad contacting arrangements with the rotor plates. In fact, a lot of extraneous noise in the set can be traced to this very same source.

Just as it is important to use only the best variable condenser, so is it necessary to use every care in mounting it on the panel and wiring it into the set. The holes should not be drilled into the panel until it is absolutely sure that they are accurately placed. It is always best to use the manufacturers template for this purpose. The slightest error in alignment of the holding screws will place a tension on the condenser and pull the rotor plates out of the true position. In time this will seriously affect its efficiency and lead to troublesome "shorts" at different degrees of setting.

Variable condensers are seldom used outside of the tuning circuits. In other words, their place is invariably in the aerial and grid circuits of a receiver. It is at this point that we are dealing with the smallest amounts of energy in the receiver, consequently it is necessary that every possible loss should be eliminated.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it is necessary that the wiring should also be efficient. To effect this the connecting wires should not run parallel to each other. Therefore, it will always be well to take this point into consideration before deciding upon the lay-out of the set, and the condenser should be inserted at the point where the shortest possible connections can be made.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

PROGNOSTICATOR SAYS MILD WINTER

We will have a long fall and a mild winter, according to a weather forecaster in Indiana, who bases his judgment on the discovery of a number of tiny newly hatched quail in that region. It is very unusual for quail to hatch their young so late in the year and the forecaster says he bases his assertions on previous observations. Invariably, he says, the hatching of young birds late in the year is indicative of a very mild winter.

DOCTOR MAKES ROOSTERS LAY EGGS LIKE HENS

Dr. Victor D. Lespinasse of the Medical School of Northwestern University has been Burbanking the animal kingdom and by means of interstitial gland operations has produced results in small animals and poultry that surgeons consider as amazing as anything that Luther Burbank has done with plants. A group of distinguished surgeons attending the annual Congress of the American College of Surgeons visited Dr. Lespinasse, and these are some of the things he showed them:

A hen with a well developed comb and wattles that struts and crows like a rooster.

A rooster that clucks and lays eggs.

A fowl that was hatched a hen, was operated on and began to be a rooster, but has not yet quite made the change.

HOW AVIATORS ARE TESTED

In a huge steel cylinder in the building which houses the United States Air Service Uncle Sam's prospective aviators are put through as gruelling a test as any human beings ever had to endure. The pilots enter the tank and the heavy door clangs behind them; then, by means of vacuum pumps and other apparatus, the conditions which they will have to encounter at 25,000 feet are reproduced within the tank.

Each candidate is provided with a tank of oxygen and a mask with which to breathe it; they are dressed exactly as they would be to fly to such a terrific height; and, as an afterthought, telephones are installed so that should the test be-

come more than a man can stand he can ask to be released.

A window is placed in the side of the tank through which an observer watches the imprisoned candidates and notes their response to the stringent conditions.

Hard as the test is, it can easily save a life, as by the use of the tank men who are unfit will be prevented from taking trial flights to high altitudes, where they might easily lose control of the planes and plunge to death.

Similar tanks are installed at Mitchell Field, on Long Island, and at other flying centres throughout the country.

LAUGHS

"Pa," said Clarence, "what's the horn of plenty?" "Must be the automobile horn, I guess," replied his dad.

Caller—Is your mother engaged? Grace (aged five)—No, ma'am; Auntie May is engaged, but mamma's married.

"Here," said the salesman, "is a pair of pajamas you'll never wear out." "Er—yes, they are rather long for street wear, aren't they?"

Ticket Collector—We don't stop there sir! Montague Swank (who has just shown a ticket)—Stop where? Ticket Collector—At the pawnbroker's.

"A relative of mine that I never saw before came to the house last night." "Never saw him before, eh? What's his name?" "He hasn't got any yet, but we intend to christen him John."

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog. "Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "Pwhat kind is it?" "A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied. "Shure an' it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

On the occasion of Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday, Professor Lenbach congratulated him and said he trusted that Bismarck might have many happy years in store for him. To this came the reply, "My dear Lenbach, the first eighty years of a man's life are always the happiest."

Two girls were quarreling. "Oh, said one, 'you've got a chauffeur's tongue.'" "What?" cried the other girl, scared. "Is it catching? How does one get it?" "Oh," said the other pointedly, "through constantly running people down!"

An Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand; then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it. "So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer. "Yis, sor," replied Pat. "Whin I was a boy me father always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut your finger-nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose your right.'"

INTERESTING ARTICLES

SHORTAGE OF PLUMBERS

The peak demand for bricklayers and plasterers has been passed and now there is a marked shortage of plumbers and steamfitters, according to reports to the New York Building Trades Employers Association by the Heating and Piping Contractors Association and Plumbing Contractors Association.

Bricklayers who were getting a minimum of \$14 and as high as \$20 a day during the summer passed their heyday about August 1. Then began the shortage of plasterers and tile layers, who, by reason of their employers' excessive bidding for men, were able to command wages up to \$14 and \$16 a day, while the bricklayers' wage sank to the official rate of \$12 a day for eight hours' work.

Two months ago, with the finishing of apartment houses for occupancy October 1, the market for plasterers and tile layers slumped heavily and wages came down to the official rate of \$12 for plasterers and \$10 for tilelayers.

Now the plumbers and steamfitters are in clover and command several dollars over the established rate of \$10 a day, some getting as high as \$12. There are about 10,000 plumbers and steamfitters in the greater city, all in demand, for with the approach of cold weather builders want to have their heating plants installed, while landlords are using men to get their heating plants repaired.

DARK SPOTS ATTRACT MOSQUITOES

Now that the mosquito season is over an English scientist comes forward with the announcement that mosquitoes are partial to certain colors and that it is possible to play upon the likes and dislikes of the mosquito in avoiding his bites. Dark blue, according to the Englishman, possesses a curious attraction for the insects and that is the reason many people who wear dark blue socks or stockings with low shoes get bitten on the ankles.

On the other hand, mosquitoes do not like yellow, so this is a good color to wear if you wish to escape being bitten. Here are the colors in order of attraction and repulsion, beginning with those which attract:

Dark blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray, dark green, violet, light blue, pearl, pale green, white, orange and yellow.

Mosquitoes and other insects are equally particular about scents, the scientist believes. They extremely dislike that of paraffin and you can keep flies off a horse by rubbing his coat with a sponge that has been dampened in paraffin.

Although you cannot well daub yourself with paraffin to keep off mosquitoes, there are many other scents which, while not unpleasant to you, are disliked by them. Mosquitoes and flies are repelled by any plant which produces essential oils, and more so by the oils themselves. Amiseed, dill, camomile, cassia, cinnamon, citron, citronella, coriander, fennel, eucalyptus, all these oils, and especially the latter, form good protection against insects.

WALKED ON BY AN ELEPHANT

An African wanderer gives an interesting account of the reckless daring of the natives in moments of excitement. Late in the afternoon he shot two elephants and early the next morning sent some of his attendants out to bring in the tusks. So many hours passed without any tidings of the party that he began to be anxious. In the late afternoon he saw in the distance several men, some mounted, and others on foot, while one led a camel with a curious-looking load.

He had a foreboding that something was wrong and in a few minutes he clearly perceived a man lying upon a makeshift litter, carried by the camel, while Dan and Suleiman accompanied the party horseback.

They soon came up. Poor little Dick, a plucky and active ally, lay, as the man thought, dead upon the litter. They removed him gently, administered spirits, and on examination found his thigh broken a little above the knee. Fortunately it was a simple fracture.

Dan now explained the cause of the accident. While the camelmens and others were engaged in cutting up the dead elephants, three aggageers found the tracks of a wounded bull that had escaped into the thick jungle. He was tracked to a position within two or three hundred yards of the dead elephants.

As there were no guns, two of the men resolved to ride through the narrow passage formed by the large game and take their chance with the elephant, sword in hand. Dick, as usual, took the lead on his little gray mare. With the greatest difficulty he advanced through the tangled thorns, which had been broken by the passage of heavy game. To the right and left of the passage it was impossible to move.

Dan had wisely dismounted, but Suleiman followed Dick. On arriving within a few yards of the elephant, which was invisible in the thick thorns, Dan crept forward on foot, and discovered him standing with ears cocked, evidently waiting for the attack. As Dick followed on his little gray mare, the elephant caught the white color and at once charged.

Escape was next to impossible. Dick turned his mare sharp round, and she bounded off; but she caught in the thorns and fell, throwing her rider in the path of the elephant, only a few feet behind in full chase. The mare recovered herself in an instant and rushed away. The elephant, occupied by her white color, paid no attention to the man, but trod on him in the pursuit and broke his thigh.

Dan, who had been between the elephant and Dick, had wisely jumped into the thick thorns. As the elephant himself passed, he sprang out behind and followed with his drawn sword.

Jumping over Dick's body, he was just in time to deliver a tremendous cut at the hind leg of the elephant, that must otherwise have killed both horses and probably Suleiman also, as the three were caught in a passage that had no outlet and would have been at the elephant's mercy.

HERE AND THERE

CHILD SACRIFICE AT CARTHAGE

Historical evidence goes to show that the sacrifice of children to the Mother Goddess was not infrequent. Two French archeologists, Mm. Pouissote and Lautier, engaged in exploring the ruins of ancient Carthage, have unearthed in front of an altar near a temple of Tanit three vaults containing the charred bones of new-born babies and children from two to three years of age. The archeologists believe that to the left of the altar was a stone slab with a bronze grill, under which burnt a fierce fire, and here the naked bodies of the first-born were offered in accordance with the ancient rites which were regularly practised from the sixth or seventh centuries before the Christian era until the destruction of Carthage by the Romans. Others, however, believe that it was customary for the parents to reclaim the remains of sacrificed children, and that the bones now found, a gruesome pile 15 feet high, are the remains of sacrificed children placed by their parents under the protection of the all-powerful Tanit.

THE GREAT MONOLITHS OF TINIAN

Although the existence of the colossal columned tombs of Tinian, an island of the Marianne group, north of Guam in the Pacific Ocean, has been known ever since 1746, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, when Lord George Anson, an English naval officer, described them, no effort was ever made accurately to measure, excavate and photograph them until a few months ago. The pillars are monoliths of hard island rock 15 feet high, 5 feet 4 inches square at the base and weighing over 30 tons, being surmounted by a hemispherical top piece weighing more than seven tons. The pillars are arranged in two parallel rows, five in a row, and study of these sites indicates that they were monumental religious structures. Something of the significance of the size of the blocks may be gained by realizing that the Tinian stones are heavier by five tons than the largest of any of the single blocks used in the Egyptian pyramids.

CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS

While Jeff Davis was actually captured by members of the 4th Mich. Cav. under Col. Pritchard, the special detail of the 1st Wis. Cav. under Col. Harnden was on the ground and claims equal honor. Davis was surprised in camp a mile from Irminsville, Ga., at daylight, May 10, 1865. Both cavalry forces rushed the camp at the same time and began to fire at each other, thinking they were shooting at Davis's guard in the dim morning light. Two of the 4th Mich. Cav. were killed and several on each side wounded before the mistake was discovered. The special detail of the 4th Mich. Cav. consisted of Col. Pritchard with 1 Captain, 4 First and 2 Second Lieutenants and 128 enlisted men, selected from each company of the regiment (their names are

given in "Michigan in the War"). The detail of the 1st Wis. Cav. consisted of about 75 men. The Commission appointed by the War Department decided that the \$100,000 reward offered by President Johnson "for the arrest of Jefferson Davis" should go to the Michigan detail, but Congress later took up the matter and decided that the money should be divided as follows: Gen. Wilson, Col. Pritchard, Col. Harnden and Capt. Joseph A. Yoeman (1st Ohio Cav.) each \$3,000. The remainder of the \$100,000 to be distributed equally to the members of the two organizations with the expedition.—Editor National Tribune.

TOWN WHERE RENT COSTS \$1 A MONTH

Pequaming, nine miles north of L'Anse, Mich., is Henry Ford's town. The highest rent there is \$1 a month, electric light and water are furnished at cost, the doctor's bill is never more than \$1.50 a month, and fuel famines are unknown.

The Detroit automobile manufacturer acquired possession of Pequaming recently from Charles Hebard & Sons, Inc., pioneer lumbermen of the peninsula.

When the town was built in 1877 the owners set about to make it something different from other lumber towns. They wanted a community of comfortable homes and happy, contented workmen. They seemed to think more of the welfare of their employees than they did of the profits of their enterprise.

There are 105 cottages for the workmen, two churches—one Protestant and one Catholic—an amusement hall, a school, a clubhouse, a water-works and electric lighting plant, a telephone system, a general store where all residents shop, and a public playground and park.

Each workman pays the same rent—\$1 a month. He need never worry about coal, for he burns none. Instead he stuffs his big stove with hardwood from the company's forests, paying \$1.75 for a large wagonload—barely the cost of cutting and delivering. A doctor administers to the ills of the community at a charge of \$1.50 a month.

The beauty of Pequaming has won frequent comment from tourists. The streets are well shaded, the houses are of varying types, and there is a garden with every house. Purchase of the town gives Mr. Ford ownership of Pequaming's only industry, the saw mill property of the Hebard corporation. This includes a large saw mill, lath and shingle mills and 40,000 acres of land containing 400,000,000 feet of standing timber.

The saw mill is the third purchased by Ford since his invasion of the Upper Peninsula two years ago. The first was at Iron Mountain, now fast becoming an industrial center of the Upper Peninsula, and the second was at L'Anse.

The Pequaming purchase makes the Detroit manufacturer the largest single taxpayer in Baraga county. He will pay about three-fourths of the taxes of the entire county.

Mr. Ford has not announced what policy he will follow at Pequaming, or whether he will continue the Hebard program that has made Pequaming a model town.

If New Hair Doesn't Grow After Using My Method —I Don't Want a Penny!

I mean just exactly what I say! I don't care how thin your hair may be—I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. If my new discovery won't restore your hair, I don't want to keep a cent of your money! Furthermore I'll send you the proof of what I have done for others entirely FREE! Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

AFTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. Many have paid as high as \$500 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for everyone to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

My Unusual Guarantee

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

Entirely New Method

Actual Results

(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute)

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. Four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I have a new crop of hair one inch long." F. H. B.

What is my method? It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging—no singeing—no "mange" cures—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first few treatments.

Many people have the idea when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead. I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Yet even if the



scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

There is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny." You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE. If after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

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Some very interesting tests, says the *Scientific American*, have been made to determine which smoke contains the most nicotine. Long glass tubes, in one end of which the cigar, cigarette and pipe are interted, the other end being connected with an exhaust pump, are used in the test. The nicotine is absorbed in filter paper. These tests showed conclusively that cigarette smoke contained the least amount of nicotine. For example, Virginia cigarettes, containing 1.40 per cent. nicotine, gave a smoke containing only 0.12 per cent. nicotine. Turkish cigarettes, containing 1.38 per cent. nicotine, gave a smoke with only 0.51 per cent. nicotine. Egyptian cigarettes with 1.74 per cent. of the alkaloid yielded a smoke with just 0.21 per cent. of nicotine.

A Havana cigar, containing only 0.64 per cent. nicotine, yielded a smoke with 0.20 per cent. of the alkaloid. Tobacco smoked in the pipe, containing 2.85 per cent. of nicotine, yields a smoke containing 2.20 per cent. of nicotine.

BIRDS SWEEP TO SEA

Migratory birds on their way to southern wintering places are sometimes swept long distances out of their course by storms. An interesting memorandum has been received by the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in connection with a marine weather report from the American steamship *Manchuria*.

From October 27, when the vessel was in latitude 40 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 66 degrees, to noon October 28, latitude 41 degrees 45 minutes, longitude 59 degrees 27 minutes, several hundred birds alighted on the ship, having evidently been swept to sea by a strong northwest breeze. The varieties noted included six or more robins, several starlings and thrushes, one catbird, a flicker, many vesper sparrows, several bluebirds, many small flycatchers-like birds and many other small birds about the size of sparrows unfamiliar to the ship's officer who made the observations.

At the time these birds began to alight on the ship there seemed to be many more on the sea. Those that failed to make the ship died rapidly, although there were only light breezes.

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